

THE ITALIAN CRISIS; AND THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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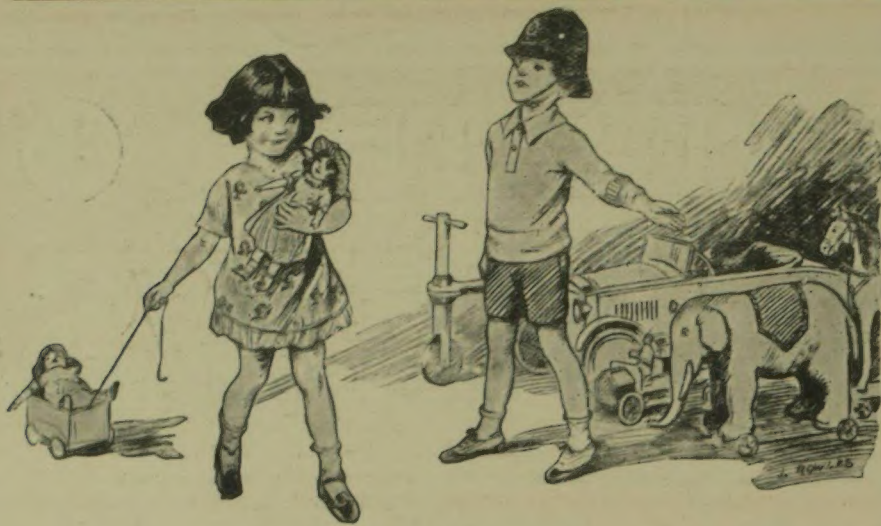
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P 146

*Corona
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PROTECTION

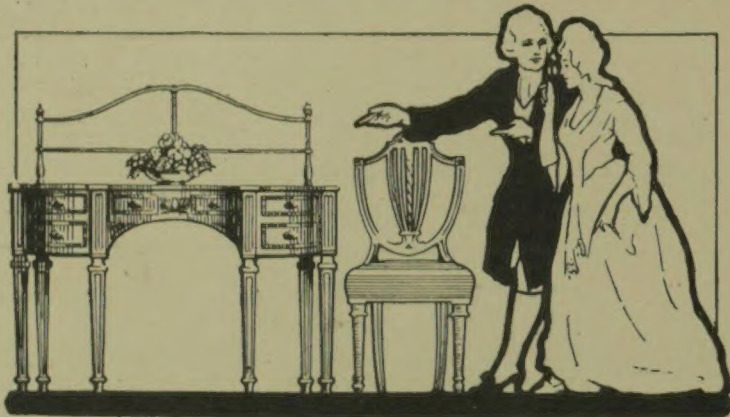
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All Sizes. Long Pants, 6/11 pair.

SCHOOL SHIRTS Nice quality Cloth. Soft double cuffs. 5/11
Hard-wearing and washing materials. All sizes. Winter weight.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1923.

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STRICKEN JAPAN'S UNIVERSAL SYMBOL: FUJIYAMA; THE CENTRE OF A REGION SUBJECT TO EARTHQUAKES.

The sacred mountain of Fujiyama, venerated by all Japanese and the subject of innumerable pictures, is a dormant volcano 12,365 ft. high, situated 42 miles south west of Yokohama. The surrounding region is subject to frequent earthquakes, but never has there been one more disastrous than that which devastated Tokio and Yokohama on September 1. Only a few weeks ago (on July 27) the Prince Regent of Japan had climbed Fujiyama, being the first member of the

Imperial family who ever made the ascent. In Terry's "Japanese Empire" we read: "It is a titanic crucible out of which in past ages the surrounding country has been poured, and one which may again leave its mark on Japan, for an inspection of its summit proves it far from being dead. . . . According to tradition, Fuji rose from the plain in a single night in B.C. 286." The last eruption is said to have continued from November 24, 1707 to January 22, 1708.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HERBERT G. PONTING, F.R.G.S.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN a recent issue of *The Illustrated London News* there were some very valuable and interesting studies of the problem of Stonehenge. Mention was made, incidentally, of the pleasing fact that Geoffrey of Monmouth, I think, said that the great stones were brought from Ireland by Merlin. I write from memory, but I think that Geoffrey of Monmouth adds the still more gratifying detail that the stones were originally a company of Irish giants, who were petrified by the magician for their turbulent behaviour, presumably while they were playing a sort of Mulberry Bush on Salisbury Plain. I am not quite sure where I read this story; nor do I here advance it as a historical certainty. Anyhow, I believe it was Geoffrey of Monmouth who first gave prominence to Merlin in connection with the Arthurian story; and he seems to have done it in order to express his own political opinions in the form of symbolic sayings by the sage. Thus, if a man wished now to say that the French will remain in the Ruhr and that British policy in the matter seems rather wobbly, he would discover a prophecy of Merlin that ran: "A red cock shall crow above the black buried forest, and the mane of the lion shall be torn this way and that"; and loud cheers, I presume, would hail the political pronouncement. It is much clearer than some political pronouncements.

I do not see why there should not have been some real foundation for the tales about Merlin; as I am quite sure there was some real foundation for the tales about Arthur. The multitude of the fables, much more often than not, indicate the presence of a fact. It is really an indication that an incident is true that it was worth telling lies about. Moreover, while it is rare for a great legend to grow out of nothing, it is much easier for a sceptical theory to be woven out of nothing, or next to nothing. In the presence of a tremendous tradition like that of Arthur, we need a powerful imagination to explain it; but we need only a momentary ingenuity to explain it away. Merlin might possibly have existed, as Michael Scott certainly existed. We may not believe that Michael Scott really put a bridle on the Tweed; but we should not be quite satisfied with a man who explained it by saying that he built a bridge over the Tweed. Exactly what this does not explain is the legend; we do not understand why anybody should make a legend about a man who only made a bridge. Thomas the Rhymer probably existed, even if he was not carried off by the fairies; but, whatever the fairies did with him, there must be some explanation of what men did with him; of what subsequent generations made out of him. Only the explanations explain it too easily to explain it at all. Mother Shipton must presumably have been somebody's daughter; and even Old Moore must once have been young. But suppose we take the case of Mrs. Eddy as our modern Mother Shipton. Future ages may find records of her as a prophetess whose disciples believed that she would never die, and as one who cured men miraculously by telling them that they also need never die. The more sceptical historians, dealing with a lady who never died, will almost certainly deduce that she never lived. Her cures will be classed with the magic of Merlin and Michael Scott. But when they come to explain her away altogether, they will probably be a little too facile and too quick. They will point out that Mrs. Eddy was originally a great whirlpool in American waters; and that her name is an obvious corruption and combination of the word "eddy" and the name Mississippi. With that abounding power of belief that is given only to sceptics, they will feel quite certain that the whirlpool must have been regarded as a holy well for purposes of healing. Or perhaps they will believe that, under the influence of the current pessimist philosophy, whole pilgrimages of suicides were in the habit of

plunging into the whirlpool and calling it the only cure of all earthly plagues and diseases. Or another school might explain it in another way; as by saying that Mrs. Eddy was the wife of Mr. Edward Clodd, or Mr. Edward Carpenter, or some other distinguished man whose less respectful friends might address him as Eddy.

Anyhow, the point is that these sort of sceptical reconstructions are much too easy to invent to be at all easy to believe. But it takes a great deal more than that sort of ingenuity to make a real reputation that may turn into a real legend. It takes a great deal of reality to make a myth. But almost any unreality will suffice to unmake a myth. The old story grows out of the soil of many human souls;

sceptical hypotheses of historians have been as scratchy, as ephemeral, and as cheap.

I do not mean, of course, that there is anything like the same case for Merlin as there is for Arthur. There is not even the same sort of case. Merlin is, as Arthur is not, a mere name blown from nowhere unless from the mythological twilight of the heathen Celts. Arthur is first and foremost the Christian king and not the Celtic demigod. There would be every antecedent probability of a Roman-British hero resisting the heathen invasion in the Dark Ages, if there had never been any Celts in the world. The general idea of Arthur no more depends on the folk-lore of the Bretons than the general idea of Roland depends on the folk-lore of the Basques. Both of them obviously form part of the general romance of Roman Christianity everywhere at war with the barbarians. There seems to be no such Roman or Christian character about Merlin; but I think it quite possible that there was some sort of real character about him. Some local soothsayer, like Thomas of Ercildoune, may very well for some reason or other have gained more than a local reputation. But it is true to say of Merlin that his magical reputation is what matters, while Arthur has still a practical and political importance, though it is overlaid by magic. The one is important as a fable even if he was originally a fact; the other is still important as a fact even if he afterwards became a fable.

And all this fabulous and magical business about Merlin is important for a reason that has, perhaps, fallen too much out of sight. It is the profoundly romantic and mysterious element in the real tradition of Britain. It was familiar to our fathers, but it was largely lost to us by two evils: the Puritan industrial movement and the Teutonic theory of history. The first is obvious enough; and few will maintain that a group of Manchester merchants were in the habit of murmuring and crooning to each other in the twilight the cryptic rhymes and riddles of Merlin. But the other influence was really far more fatal. It killed English folk-lore by insisting that it must be German folk-lore; and, for whatever reason, the Germanic pirates who invaded the eastern coasts did not really found much folk-lore in England. Perhaps there is no particular reason why savages from the coasts of Frisia should bring with them anything resembling the fairy-tales found long afterwards in the forests of Bavaria. But all these were lumped together by the learned under the name of Teutonic; and the upshot of it was that Britain lost her old fairy-tales and got no new ones. The Victorian popular writers, like Carlyle and Kingsley, told us that our fathers worshipped Odin and Thor. And as we could not find in anything our fathers had handed down the faintest reference to Odin or Thor, we lost all interest in the way in which such things are handed down. The Victorian writers told us that the founders of our nation had been

Hengist and Horsa; and as there were obviously no popular legends about Hengist and Horsa, we gave up looking for popular legends about anybody. It would have been very different if we had looked for popular legends about Arthur and Merlin. There we should have touched a living tradition that lingered down to the latest times like the legends of Oisín or St. Patrick. At heart England was quite as mystic as Ireland. For those who care for such terms, England was quite as Celtic as Ireland. For centuries there was a real tradition that Arthur would return; I never heard of anybody who wanted Hengist to return. But anyhow the moral is that there is a soul of England buried somewhere in England, though its burial-place be as nameless and mysterious as the grave of King Arthur at Glastonbury.



MURDERED, WITH HIS SUITE, IN GREECE—AN OUTRAGE THAT CAUSED THE GRÆCO-ITALIAN CRISIS: THE LATE GENERAL ENRICO TELLINI, HEAD OF THE ITALIAN MILITARY MISSION.

General Tellini, who had been Chief of the Italian delegation of the International Commission on the Albanian frontier since it was appointed last year, was murdered, with four members of his suite, on August 27 while motoring from Janina to Santi Quaranta. He was born in 1871, and had seen much service. In the war he served on General Cadorna's staff, and in 1917, while commanding the Lombardy Brigade, he was captured by the Austrians. After the war he commanded a brigade in Albania. In 1914 he was Military Attaché at Vienna.

Photograph by Oscar Vianello, San Remo.

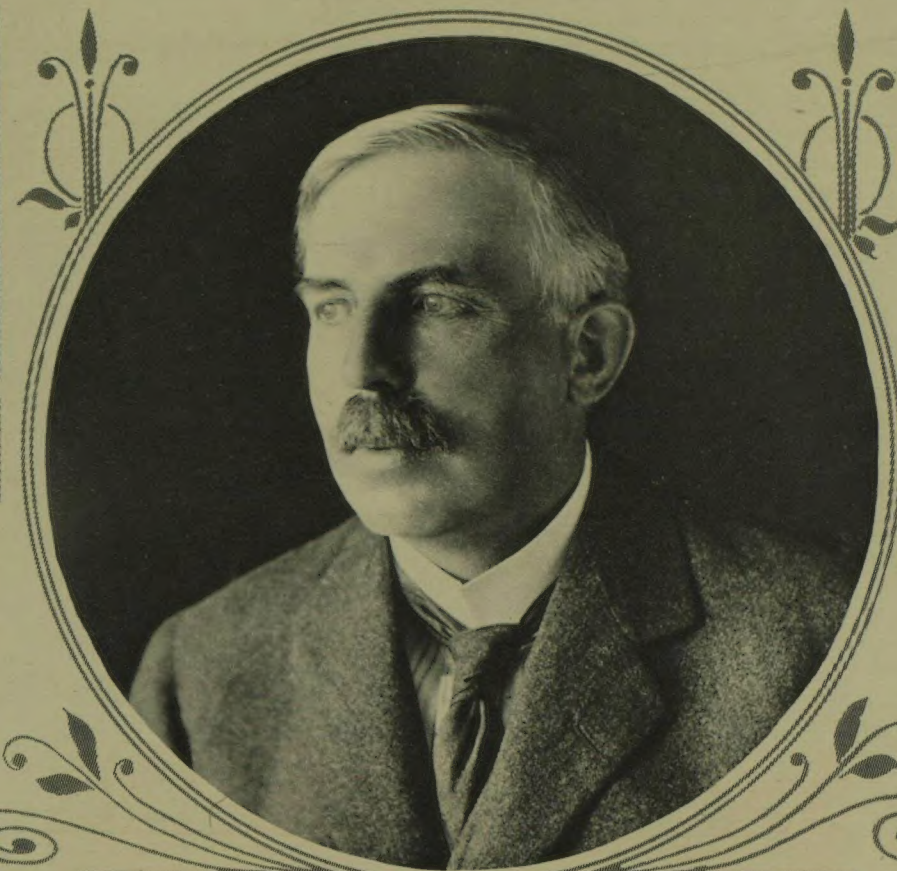
the modern explanation only springs up in one rather dehumanised human mind. I do not know whether Mrs. Eddy will ever be real enough to be a myth. I rather suspect not; for popular legends always arise among the populace—that is, among the poor. And Christian Science certainly did not arise among the poor, thereby obtaining many advantages over historical Christianity. But if Mrs. Eddy and her miraculous cures ever did live long enough to be called mythical because they were miraculous, I am sure there would be more truth in the distorted legend that asserted her existence than in the academic hypothesis which denied it. It is true to say that there is no smoke without fire, in the sense that there is no legend without history. But it is not true that there is no fire without smoke, when anybody can scrape a match on a halfpenny match-box; and many

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., ELLIOTT AND FRY W. AND D. DOWNEY L.N.A. AND PERSONALITY PHOTO. PRESS.



PREMIER OF GREECE WHEN THE CRISIS BEGAN: COLONEL GONATAS.



TO PRESIDE AT THE FORTHCOMING MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION: SIR ERNEST RUTHERFORD.



ADMITTED AS SOVIET REPRESENTATIVE IN LONDON: M. RAKOVSKY.



FORMERLY STEWARD OF THE HOUSEHOLD: THE LATE EARL FARQUHAR.



RESIGNED: HERR HAVENSTEIN, HEAD OF THE GERMAN REICHSBANK.



A FAMOUS YUGO-SLAV POLITICIAN WHO RECENTLY CAME IN SECRET TO LONDON: M. STEPHEN RADITCH, WITH HIS WIFE.



AMERICAN BY BIRTH AND ROYAL BY MARRIAGE: THE LATE PRINCESS CHRISTOPHER OF GREECE, WITH HER HUSBAND.



THE DUTCH SOVEREIGN'S SILVER JUBILEE: QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND, WITH HER CONSORT, DRIVING THROUGH THE HAGUE.

It was reported from Athens on September 1 that Colonel Gonatas (the Greek Premier) and his Government had fallen, but a later message stated that he intended to continue in office till the general election on October 28.—Sir Ernest Rutherford, Professor of Experimental Physics at Cambridge, is to preside at the ninety-first annual meeting of the British Association, at Liverpool, from September 12 to 19. His address will deal with "The Electrical Structure of Matter."—Earl Farquhar was Master of the Household to King Edward from his accession till 1907. In 1915 he became Lord Steward of the Household. He was Treasurer of the Unionist Party Funds when the Coalition fell.—M. Rakovsky was recently approved by the British Government as official Soviet trade representative in London, after enquiries into his alleged anti-British speeches.—Herr Havenstein

had recently become very unpopular in Germany, being considered mainly to blame for the constant fall of the mark.—M. Raditch, the leader of the Croatian Peasant Party in Jugo-Slavia, who had lately shown Republican tendencies and attacked the Government, left the country in secret, as he was expecting arrest, and came on a visit to London.—Princess Christopher of Greece, widow of Mr. William B. Leeds, the American "tinplate king," married Prince Christopher, youngest brother of the late King Constantine, in 1920. Her maiden name was Anastasia Stewart, and she was born at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1883. She is said to have been left £8,000,000 by her first husband, and to have supported the Greek royal cause against the Venizelists.—Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has just celebrated her forty-third birthday and the silver jubilee of her accession.

ALMOST ANNIHILATED BY THE JAPANESE EARTHQUAKE, WITH 100,000 CASUALTIES: THE CITY OF YOKOHAMA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
L.N.A., AND C.N.



WHERE MORE THAN A QUARTER OF THE POPULATION OF 400,000 IS SAID TO HAVE PERISHED IN THE EARTHQUAKE AND TIDAL WAVE, AND NOT A BUILDING



WAS LEFT STANDING: THE GREAT JAPANESE SEAPORT OF YOKOHAMA—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE HARBOUR AND SHIPPING AS IT APPEARED BEFORE THE DISASTER.



SHOWING THE CLOSELY-PACKED WOODEN HOUSES, WHICH ARE VERY COMBUSTIBLE, WITH SOME MODERN BUILDINGS: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF YOKOHAMA, WHERE THE EARTHQUAKE CAUSED A GREAT FIRE THAT STARTED ON THE WATER-FRONT.



THE HOME OF THE BRITISH COLONY AT YOKOHAMA: THE EUROPEAN QUARTER ON THE BLUFF, WITH ITS MODERN BUILDINGS, SAFE FROM THE SPREAD OF FIRE FROM THE TOWN, BUT LIABLE TO DANGER FROM COLLAPSE AND BREAKING GAS-PIPES.

Yokohama, the port of Tokio, was said to have been almost entirely destroyed by the great earthquake and tidal wave of September 1, and by the fire which broke out on the water front and spread through the city. A Japanese Army airman, Lieutenant Ichida, who flew over the stricken region two days later, reported that in Yokohama not a single building was left standing. The death-roll there alone was estimated at over 100,000. Accurate information was for some time not available, owing to the severance of means of communication, but wireless messages describing the disaster were sent out by ships in Yokohama harbour. The Canadian Pacific Company learned that its office there had been destroyed, but that its steamer the "Empress of Australia" was safe, though damaged by fouling other ships in the seismic wave. Nothing was heard at first as to the fate of the foreign Consulates at Yokohama. The British colony,

numbering about 2000, mainly engaged in banks and shipping offices, lived in the European quarter on the Bluff, an oblong hill separated from the city and overlooking the sea. Many of the residents there travelled daily to Tokio and back by electric train. A Japanese merchant in London said: "There would be little danger of a fire spreading from Yokohama to the Bluff, but there would be danger from gas, which is in every house, and which caused such loss of life in the San Francisco earthquake." Yokohama had grown very rapidly since it was first opened to foreign traffic in 1859, when it was only a small fishing village. In 1920 its population was 422,938. It is a town of narrow streets, for the most part badly paved, but it has a fine sea approach and a large harbour in Tokio Bay. At the time of the disaster, many foreign residents of Yokohama and Tokio were away at holiday resorts.

THE CAPITAL OF JAPAN RUINED BY EARTHQUAKE: THE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., JAMES'S PRESS AGENCY, HARRIS'

GREAT CITY OF TOKIO, WHERE 130,000 PEOPLE PERISHED.

PICTURE AGENCY, AITKEN, AND UNDERWOOD PRESS SERVICE.



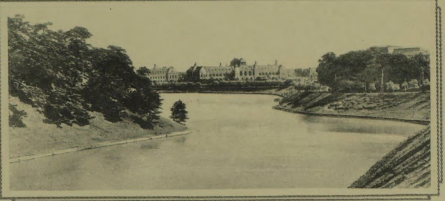
REPORTED TO BE "HALF IN RUINS": THE CENTRAL RAILWAY STATION, THE LARGEST MODERN BUILDING IN TOKIO.



SET ON FIRE BY THE EARTHQUAKE, BUT NOT SERIOUSLY DAMAGED: THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT TOKIO.



SAID TO HAVE BEEN SUBMERGED BY THE TIDAL WAVE: THE SACRED ISLAND OF ENOSHIMA, A POPULAR RESORT.



"ALMOST ALL THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS . . . HAVE BEEN DESTROYED": THE ADMIRALTY AND MINISTRY OF JUSTICE, FROM THE PALACE GROUNDS.



"THE WATER SYSTEM OF TOKIO HAS BEEN COMPLETELY DESTROYED": THE FILTERING AND CLEANING-BED OF THE CITY WATERWORKS AT YODOBASHI.



"OVER 200,000 HOUSES HAVE BEEN BURNED IN TOKIO": A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE WHICH WAS DEVASTATED BY THE GREAT



CITY (CONSISTING LARGELY OF WOODEN HOUSES INTERSPERSED WITH MODERN BUILDINGS) FIRE THAT FOLLOWED THE EARTHQUAKE.



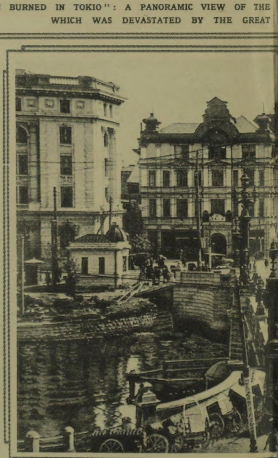
A BLEND OF EAST AND WEST IN COSTUME AND VEHICLES: BICKSHAWS AND MOTOR-CARS OUTSIDE THE UPPER HOUSE AT TOKIO ON ITS OPENING DAY.



ONE OF THE GREAT MODERN BUILDINGS OF TOKIO DESTROYED BY EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE: THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.



REPORTED TO BE THE FIRST BIG BUILDING DEMOLISHED IN TOKIO: THE MITSUKOSHI STORE.



IN THE HEART OF MODERN TOKIO, WITH ITS THE BRIDGE IN THE



GREAT BUILDINGS, TAXIS, AND ELECTRIC TRAMS: NIHONBASHI WARD.



A CONTRAST TO THE MODERN SIDE: THE WESTERN VIEW FROM THE NIHONBASHI BRIDGE.



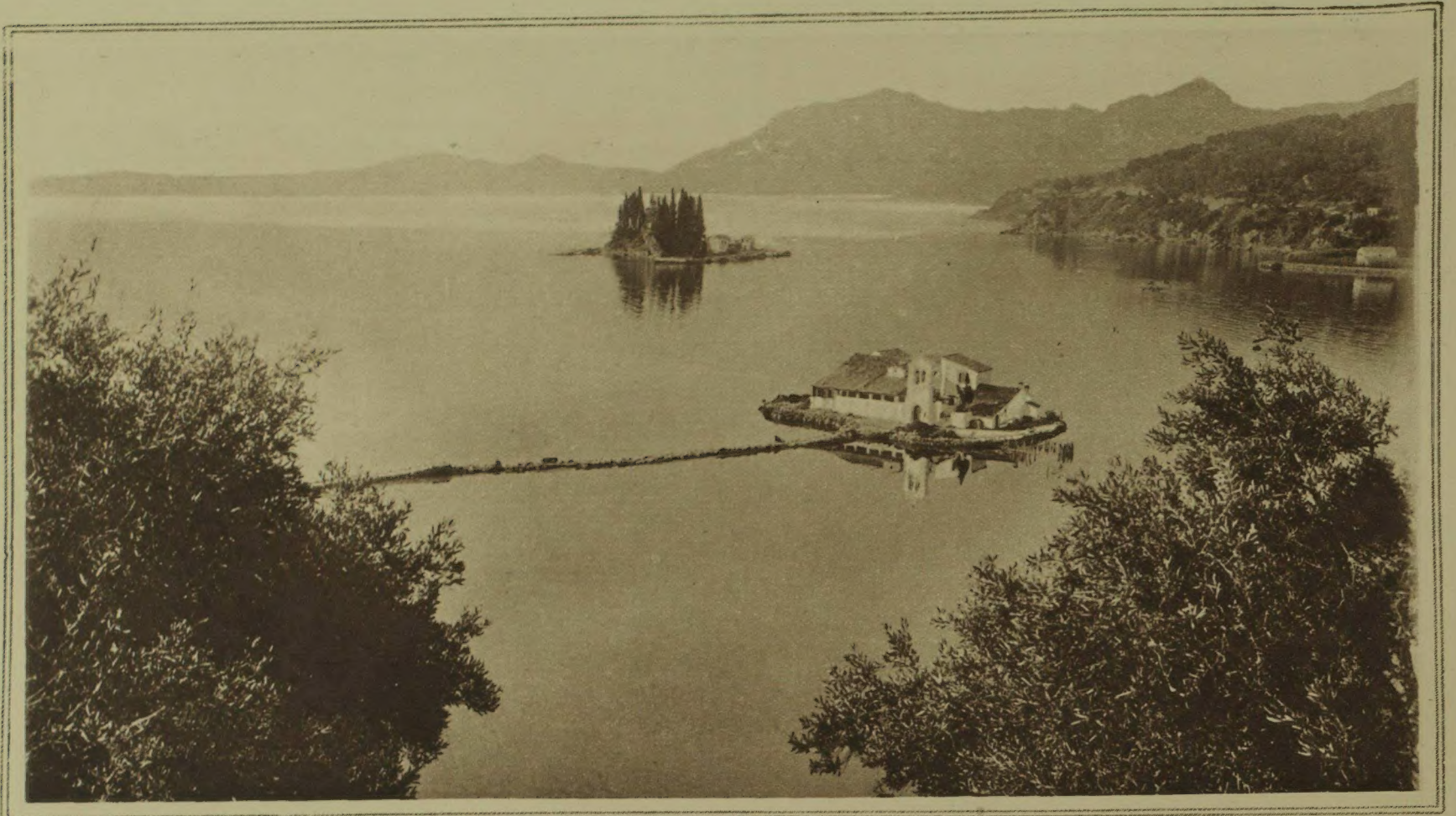
REPORTED TO HAVE COLLAPSED IN THE EARTHQUAKE AND KILLED 700 PEOPLE: THE FAMOUS TOWER IN ASAKUSA PARK, TOKIO.

The terrible earthquake in Japan on September 1 was believed to be the greatest catastrophe on record in that country, and perhaps in the history of the world. It was reported that Tokio, the capital, was almost entirely destroyed, over 200,000 houses being burned in the fire that followed the earthquake. The total death roll was estimated at half a million, and that in Tokio alone at about 130,000. The supply of food was cut off and the water system was completely destroyed. The Imperial Palace caught fire, but was not seriously damaged. The Prince Regent, who took an active part in relief work, threw it open to refugees, along with two other palaces, and himself removed to the Akasaka Palace. The Emperor, to whom King George sent a message of sympathy, was with the Empress at the Nikko Summer Palace, and escaped unhurt. Many prominent people in Tokio were reported to be

among the dead. The large modern buildings destroyed, wholly or in part, included almost all the Government offices, the Imperial Theatre, the Central Post and Telephone Offices, the Metropolitan Police Office, the Bank of Japan, and the Central Railway Station. It was stated on September 4 that the British Embassy was safe, but that the American Embassy had been destroyed, as well as, it was feared, the French and Italian Embassies. Martial law was declared, to prevent looting and rioting, and it was suggested that the capital might be temporarily transferred to Kyoto or Osaka. Tokio has a population, according to the latest official figures, of 2,173,201. It consists largely of wooden dwellings, but there are now also thousands of modern houses and offices built of bricks and mortar. These are more dangerous in case of collapse, but fires spread more rapidly in the native quarters.

OCCUPIED BY THE ITALIANS: THE ISLAND KEY TO THE ADRIATIC.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEHNERT AND LANDROCK, TUNIS.



SHOWING THE CYPRESS-COVERED ISLET OF PONTIKONISI, FABLED TO BE THE SHIP OF ODYSSEUS CHANGED INTO AN ISLAND BY POSEIDON: PART OF THE COAST OF CORFU, REMARKABLE FOR ITS BEAUTY.



WHERE IT WAS REPORTED THAT FIFTEEN GREEK AND ARMENIAN REFUGEES WERE KILLED BY A NAVAL BOMBARDMENT THAT PRECEDED THE ITALIAN OCCUPATION: THE OLD CITADEL OF CORFU, THE CHIEF CITY OF THE ISLAND.

The Italians occupied Corfu on August 31, after shelling the old citadel of its chief town (of the same name) and killing, it was reported, fifteen Greek and Armenian refugees. "The Corfu channel," said the "Giornale d'Italia," in commenting on the Italian occupation, "strategically commands the mouth of the Adriatic, and, in the possession of a marine nation, would be like a revolver aimed at a vital part of Italy." On the other hand, it has been suggested that Italy in possession of Corfu, which would make an excellent submarine base, could easily close the Adriatic to any other Power. The island, which is noted for its beauty, is famous in legend and history. It is supposed to be the Scheria of Homer, and the spot is still pointed out where Odysseus met Nausicaa and her maidens playing

at ball. The Phaeacian ship which carried the hero home to Ithaca is fabled to have been changed by Poseidon into the islet called Pontikonisi (Mouse Island), whose cypresses of varying heights make it look like a vessel at anchor. In ancient Greek history Corfu (then called Corcyra) was a colony of Corinth, and its appeal to Athens for help against its mother city brought about the Peloponnesian War. At Corfu Augustus assembled his fleet for the battle of Actium; and Don John of Austria sailed thence to meet the Turks at Lepanto. Napoleon twice took it, but after Waterloo it became a British protectorate. Mr. Gladstone was High Commissioner for Corfu in 1858-9. By the Treaty of 1864 its neutrality was guaranteed by Great Britain, France, and Russia.

THE CRUX OF THE GRÆCO-ITALIAN CRISIS: ITALY'S STRONG MAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, AGENZIA FOTOGRAFICA ITALIANA, CARLO COLETTI (MILAN), AND VANDYK.



WITH HIS SOVEREIGN, WHOSE THRONE HE HAD PRESERVED: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI (RIGHT) GREETED BY KING VICTOR.



IN GENIAL MOOD WITH KING GEORGE: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI WELCOMING HIS MAJESTY DURING THE ROYAL VISIT TO ROME.



SIGNOR MUSSOLINI'S WIFE AND FAMILY: SIGNORA RACHELE MUSSOLINI WITH HER CHILDREN—EDDA, VITTORIO, AND BRUNO.



THE AUTHOR OF ITALY'S STRONG ACTION AGAINST GREECE: SIGNOR BENITO MUSSOLINI, THE PREMIER.

The sudden crisis between Italy and Greece, caused by the murder of the Italian Mission on Greek soil, brought into world-wide prominence once more the masterful personality of Signor Mussolini, the Italian Premier, who is regarded as a virtual dictator, so largely does his administration depend on his personal will and authority. His action in the new international crisis has been strongly criticised, but it was characteristic, and of a kind that Italy expected. He had saved his country from Socialistic misrule, and Italy looked to him to show an equally strong hand in foreign affairs. It was last October that he carried out the blood-

less Revolution, thereby preserving the Italian monarchy and restoring order out of chaos. He formed his Cabinet on November 1. During the next month he came to London, and last May he welcomed the King and Queen while they were on their State visit to Rome. Signor Mussolini began his career as a Socialist, and was formerly manager of the Milan paper "Avanti," but the Great War, in which he was wounded, changed his views. He became an ardent patriot, and in Milan founded his own journal, the "Popolo d'Italia," and the Fascist organisation which carried him to power.

After Royal Game in Nepal: Rhinoceros-Shooting.

By G. M. DYOTT, F.R.G.S., Photographer of the Vernay-Faunthorpe Expedition. (See Illustrations on Pages 433-435.)

"WE will then go to Nepal in search of rhino," said Mr. Vernay. "Rhino?" I repeated. "Why, I never knew rhino were found in India." "Possibly not," came the cutting rejoinder; "but then, there are many things you don't know." For a moment I reflected on this unkind rebuff. There was no good arguing the point, as here was a flagrant example of my ignorance. My particular "job" on the Vernay-Faunthorpe Expedition was to take photographs, not to ask questions; still, my interest was aroused and needed satisfying, even at the risk of a further display of my appalling lack of knowledge: on this very large subject, so I continued unabashed in search of enlightenment.

This conversation took place months ago, and since then my education has advanced considerably. I have seen many of these wonderful animals, pursued them with cameras of all kinds, helped to skin them and scrape their bones, smelt them in the jungle, and even patted one on the head (he was dead)—in fact, I feel as if we had been on intimate terms for many years. Should anyone now make the remark that he thought rhino only lived in Africa, I should rejoice to think that there are still so many ignorant people in the world to keep me company.

There is very good reason why the great one-horned rhinoceros does not appear often in the limelight. He is a rare animal except in certain favoured localities, and within fifty years' time it is more than probable that he will be entirely extinct. In countries like Nepal, where he is still found, foreigners are not allowed unless by the very special permission of his Highness the Maharajah, and, even if a permit is granted to travel, permission to shoot even one rhino is very rarely given, this being a privilege which no amount of money can buy. For this and many other reasons I considered myself unusually fortunate to be attached to an expedition in which his Highness took a personal interest to the extent of allowing four specimens to be shot for scientific purposes.

The district visited was a secluded section of the great Gandak valley, difficult of access, and seldom, if ever, visited by foreigners—indeed, of foreigners there are not more than seven or eight in the whole country, all of whom are directly connected with the Government at Katmandu, the capital.

From the Tribeni Canal-head our party travelled up the Gandak river in small boats as far as the Nepalese frontier. Here we were met by a convoy of pad elephants sent by the Maharajah to transport us over a steep ridge of wooded hills into the heart of the rhino country. Our final camping place was a pleasant spot called Koalwa, on the banks of the river, which we had once more encountered. Round about lay a fringe of jungle; a few open spaces cultivated by the industrious inhabitants, and in the distance a superb ridge of the Himalayas carved in bold outline against a chilly northern sky.

It is amongst such delightful surroundings that the great one-horned rhinoceros lives. He is larger than his African cousin, and even more ungainly. The first time I saw one cantering out of the jungle it was difficult to believe that I was viewing a real live animal, and not some grotesque idea of the imagination especially made to amuse the audience at a Christmas pantomime. The solitary horn on the end of the snout is very massive about the base, but of no great length—twelve inches would be considered very good for a male, whereas the female might have a slightly longer one. A length of twenty-two inches is recorded, but we were disappointed in not finding anything approaching this. Most of those we saw had been worn down and splintered till only an irregular excrescence remained on the end of the nose. Our best specimen had a horn that measured just over twelve inches, and he was an old male of very great size. The skin of the animal is of extraordinary thickness; great folds occur in the neck, and heavy creases

across the back near the shoulders; while on the flanks are regular shields of armour-plate to protect him. The surface of the skin is extremely rough, covered with lumps or tubercles, particularly pronounced on the legs and buttock. Not only is the skin thick, but it seems to have no flexibility. This was particularly apparent during skinning operations, a task that was more like pulling up planks from a dining-room floor than anything else I know of.

The recognised method of *shikar* (hunting) is with elephants. Trackers are sent out on foot very early in the morning, possibly two or three in company, and,

eminently satisfactory from every point of view, and, although we made use of the old *hathis* to ride to and fro from the chase, when we had approached the habitat of the particular animal we were after we took to our own feet.

The rhino dearly loves a wallow: every evening he will roll about in dirty water and plaster himself with mud; then he comes out on to firm ground and browses to his heart's content for a large part of the night. His large three-toed track is easily followed up, but it is seldom necessary to do this, as one or more animals will live for a considerable time in a particular patch of jungle, through which they make regular tunnels in their passage to and fro. As a rule they lie up during the day, coming out to wallow about five or six o'clock, and feeding the rest of the night. On several occasions we tried beating the jungle with coolies. They were able to walk along the rhino paths quite easily, but a tall elephant with a howdah on his back was very much at a disadvantage in the high, thorny brush.

By reason of its defective eyesight one can approach very close to a rhino unobserved if care is taken to move up wind. On one memorable occasion we actually had a motion-picture camera as close as twenty-five yards to an old cow with her baby. There she stood for over half a minute, her ears moving back and forth, and a stupid look on her comic face as if uncertain what to do. One of the elephants was standing not far away, swaying nervously, and ready to bolt at a moment's notice. Mr. Vernay, who was in the howdah, had his rifle handy in case mamma should lose her temper and charge home; but she seemed to have no inclination to fight, and finally cantered off into the jungle with her infant at heel.

In shooting these colossal beasts it was extraordinary to note how instantaneously they succumb to a well-placed bullet in the neck or brain. Just one shot and all would be over; Mr. Rhino would collapse in a heap, stone-dead. They have the reputation of being able to carry away more lead than any other animal, providing they are not hit in a vital spot; but, be this as it may, a wounded animal can be very troublesome at times, to say nothing of a source of real danger; so that, quite apart from any humane motives, it behoves one to aim carefully with due regard to the creature's anatomy. Mr. Vernay's preference was the neck-shot with a .465 soft-nosed bullet; small-calibre weapons he looked upon with disfavour.

In Nepal rhino are considered royal game, and are strictly preserved; any unauthorised person killing one is fined a thousand rupees; if the offence is committed a second time the culprit pays for his foolishness with his life. All over the cultivated areas bordering on the jungle one sees *machans*, or observation posts, built on high poles, where continuous watch is kept at night to scare away marauding rhinos who come forth to feed on the crops. The natives suffer considerably from the raids of these large pachyderms, for, quite apart from the loss of anything that may be eaten, just to have one walk over a field in itself causes considerable havoc. Not only is a live rhino a source of much trouble

and loss to the jungle folk, but a dead one has great monetary value in their eyes. After the skins and bones of the specimens we procured had been removed, the natives swarmed over what remained till there was not a vestige of anything left; ants could not have acted as better scavengers, since even the blood and refuse was carted away for the medicinal properties they are supposed to possess.

Under the circumstances, then, it can be well understood how the rhino cannot survive for long, and if they are to be saved from annihilation it can only be by the most rigorous protection possible.



"LARGER THAN HIS AFRICAN COUSIN AND EVEN MORE UNGAINLY": A HUGE ASIAN RHINOCEROS—WITH THE LEADERS OF THE EXPEDITION, MR. A. S. VERNAY (LEFT) AND COLONEL FAUNTHORPE.

if they are fortunate in coming up with a rhino, some of the party remain near by to watch whilst the remainder bear the news back to camp with all possible dispatch. The elephants now hasten to the spot, and the guns, mounted on howdahs, advance cautiously into the dense jungle. With luck a shot may be obtained; on the other hand, it may not, or—worse still—the elephants may be so unsteady that accurate shooting is out of the question. Elephants have a wholesome respect for rhino, as they have no

charge home; but she seemed to have no inclination to fight, and finally cantered off into the jungle with her infant at heel.

In shooting these colossal beasts it was extraordinary to note how instantaneously they succumb to a well-placed bullet in the neck or brain. Just one shot and all would be over; Mr. Rhino would collapse in a heap, stone-dead. They have the reputation of being able to carry away more lead than any other animal, providing they are not hit



"GREAT FOLDS OCCUR IN THE NECK AND HEAVY CREASES ACROSS THE BACK NEAR THE SHOULDERS": THE GREAT ONE-HORNED RHINOCEROS OF THE NEPAL JUNGLE.

Photographs by Mr. G. M. Dyott, F.R.G.S.

means of protecting themselves from their mad onslaught, and a slit up the stomach from one of their tusches is not pleasant. This, then, is good reason for their not being staunch. They will generally stand still for a few seconds while taking in the situation, and so give you a chance to fire; but if you hesitate, off bolts your elephant with you on his back, and the chances of your remaining there for long are not very bright if the cover is at all thick overhead. So unsteady and nervous were our elephants in the first encounter that both Mr. Vernay and Colonel Faunthorpe decided it was better policy to stalk on foot, and so be sure of a steady aim. This proved

SPORT THAT MAKES ELEPHANTS NERVOUS: HUNTING ROYAL "RHINO."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. G. M. DYOTT, F.R.G.S., OF THE VERNAY-FAUNTHORPE EXPEDITION.



ON THE WAY TO THE RHINOCEROS JUNGLES OF NEPAL: THE VERNAY-FAUNTHORPE PARTY TRAVELLING UP THE GANDAK RIVER IN NATIVE BOATS.



IN TYPICAL FOREST SCENERY BORDERING ON THE RHINO SWAMPS, WHERE POACHING MAY MEAN DEATH: A NATIVE OF NEPAL.



FINGERING HIS SICKLE-SHAPED KNIFE: A NEPALESE OF THE GANDAK VALLEY.



SURROUNDED BY GRAVE ELEPHANTS CONTEMPLATING WITH RELIEF THE CORPSE OF THEIR FORMIDABLE FOE: A SPLENDID MALE "RHINO."

Describing a rhinoceros hunt in Nepal, Mr. G. M. Dyott says (in his article on page 432): "Elephants have a wholesome respect for rhino, as they have no means of protecting themselves from their mad onslaught, and a slit up the stomach from one of their tusks is not pleasant. They will generally stand still for a few seconds while taking in the situation, and so give you a chance to fire, but if you should hesitate off bolts your elephant with you on his back, and the chances of your remaining there for long are not very bright if the cover is at all thick overhead. . . . A tall elephant with a howdah on his back was very much at a

disadvantage in the high thorny bush. . . . The district visited was a secluded section of the great Gandak Valley, difficult of access, and seldom, if ever, visited by foreigners. . . . From the Tribeni Canal-head our party travelled up the Gandak River in small boats as far as the Nepalese frontier. Here we were met by a convoy of pad elephants. . . . In Nepal rhino are considered royal game and are strictly preserved; any unauthorised person killing one is fined 1000 rupees; if the offence is committed a second time the culprit pays for his foolishness with his life." This expedition was approved and aided by the Maharajah.

ON THE TRACK OF THE NEPAL "RHINO": A THREE-TOED MONSTER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. G. M. DYOTT, F.R.G.S., PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE VERNAY-FAUNTHORPE EXPEDITION.



"HIS LARGE THREE-TOED TRACK IS EASILY FOLLOWED UP, BUT IT IS SELDOM NECESSARY TO DO THIS": THE UNMISTAKABLE SPOOR OF A RHINOCEROS ON SOFT GROUND IN THE NEPALESE JUNGLE.

SHOWING THE THREE LARGE TOES ON EACH FOOT WHICH MAKE THE TRACKS SEEN IN THE UPPER PHOTOGRAPH: AN ENORMOUS SPECIMEN OF THE ONE-HORNED ASIATIC RHINOCEROS SHOT IN NEPAL.



"There is very good reason," writes Mr. G. M. Dyott in his article on page 432, "why the great one-horned rhinoceros does not appear often in the limelight. He is a rare animal except in certain favoured localities, and within fifty years' time it is more than probable that he will be entirely extinct. In countries like Nepal, where he is still found, foreigners are not allowed unless by the very special permission of his Highness the Maharajah, and, even if a permit is granted to travel, permission to

shoot even one rhino is very rarely given." The Maharajah, however, took a personal interest in the Vernay-Faunthorpe Expedition, and allowed them to shoot four specimens for scientific purposes. Describing the rhino's habits, Mr. Dyott says: "His large, three-toed track is easily followed up, but it is seldom necessary to do this, as one or more animals will live for a considerable time in a particular patch of jungle, through which they make regular tunnels in passing to and fro."

HARD TO SKIN: THE NEPAL RHINOCEROS AND HIS HAUNTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. G. M. DYOTT, F.R.G.S., OF THE VERNAY-FAUNTHORPE EXPEDITION.

"THE RHINO DEARLY LOVES A WALLOW; EVERY EVENING HE WILL ROLL ABOUT IN DIRTY WATER AND PLASTER HIMSELF WITH MUD": TYPICAL JUNGLE IN NEPAL WHERE SPECIMENS OF THE GREAT ONE-HORNED ASIATIC RHINOCEROS MAY BE FOUND.



SHOWING THE ENORMOUS FOLDS IN THE NECK AND THE COARSENESS OF THE SKIN: A LARGE ONE-HORNED NEPAL RHINOCEROS, TOO HEAVY TO BE MOVED AND AFTERWARDS SKINNED WHERE IT LAY, THE BONES BEING EXTRACTED.

The single-horned Nepal rhinoceros, as Mr. Dyott mentions in his article on page 432, lives in swamps, in which he "dearly loves to wallow." The horn is thick at the base but comparatively short, usually about twelve inches in the male and slightly longer in the female. "Not only is the skin thick," writes Mr. Dyott, "but it seems to have no flexibility. This was particularly apparent during skinning operations, a task that was more like pulling up planks from a dining-room floor than anything else I know of. . . . In shooting these colossal beasts it was extraordinary to note how instantaneously they succumbed to a well-placed

bullet in the neck or brain. . . . Mr. Vernay's preference was the neck shot. . . . The natives suffer considerably from the raids of these large pachyderms, for—quite apart from the loss of anything that may be eaten—just to have one walk over a field in itself causes considerable havoc. Not only is a live rhino a source of much trouble and loss to the jungle folk, but a dead one has great monetary value in their eyes. After the skins and bones of the specimens we procured had been removed, the natives swarmed over what remained till there was not a vestige of anything left."



SET A THIEF—

VI. A COUNTERFEIT CASE.

By RALPH DURAND, Author of "The Mind Healers," "John Temple," and "Spacious Days."

MR. ALBERT MAYO'S doors were never closed to anyone who urgently needed him; but he was a busy man, and, as his visitor seemed unable to make any explanation of her errand, he went calmly on with his breakfast, while she sat in front of him and sobbed. Her Sunday hat was tilted awry. Her waterproof, insufficiently buttoned, gaped at the throat and disclosed the drabness of the workday garment underneath. Her elbows rested on the table-cloth, and she dropped tears on to the plate that held the mangled remains of Mayo's bjoater. When her sobs became fitful and she began, by sniffing and wiping her eyes, to show signs of returning composure, he pushed away his plate and touched her gently on the arm.

"Come, missus! You've got to pull yourself together and tell me all about it," he said, "or else I can't help you."

"It's all along of booze," said the distressed woman, dabbing her eyes with black cotton gloves. "A better husband no woman could wish to have. Holmes always brings me all his wages and if I do give him back a shilling for himself although I know his failings it's only right that he should have it what with being cold and wet day in and day out for weeks on end it's no more than he deserves but when he gets among his friends of an evening though most evenings he stops quiet at home or takes me to the pictures he's so well liked that he always has too much beer say what I will though I do send him out with only a shilling in his pocket. And when the beer's in him he's apt to do foolish things. I told him to chuck the coins into the gutter and be done with them but he said that someone might pick them up and get into trouble with them and he'd wait till he got to sea again and drop 'em overboard."

"Your husband's a sailor then?" asked Mayo. "Skipper of the trawler *London Lass*, cruising from Billingsgate. Iceland waters he fishes in where it's always cold and wet and I'd be the last person to blame him for wanting a drop of beer to cheer him his first night ashore after all he has to go through. You'd do the same if you worked at his trade. But he's due to sail again to-morrow and if you can't get him out of his trouble he'll lose his job."

"What trouble?"

"Being pinched, of course. Aren't I telling you?"

"Was he arrested for being drunk?"

"No. It was Tuesday he was drunk—being his first night ashore as I explained. Wednesday, that's yesterday, he went to work as usual getting his fish ashore, and as soon as he came home they pinched him."

"On what charge?"

Mrs. Holmes sighed at Mayo's density.

"I keep on telling you," she said fretfully. "For having snide coins in his possession."

Mayo began to see light.

"I see. Your husband got drunk on Tuesday and had counterfeit coins in his pocket when he came home. He found them next morning when he was sober—"

"It was me as found 'em—in the bread-pan."

"And you," continued Mayo, "urged him to throw them away, but he preferred to keep them till he went to sea again, so he put them aside—"

"In the vase on the mantelpiece."

"Now things are getting clearer. I suppose who-ever arrested him had a warrant to search the house and found them there. Was that it?"

"I don't know nothing about that. I was out in the Mile End Road getting a bit of something for the lodger's supper and knew nothing about anything till I came home and the lady next door told me as they'd took Peter. A sergeant and a plain-clothes man, she said it was. Later on in the evening when the sergeant was off duty he came back and told me as how they had found the snide coins in the vase on the mantelpiece. He said that things looked pretty awkward for Peter and that the best thing I could do was to come to you first thing this morning and ask

you to come to the court with me and see if you could do anything for him. He said that being a preacher, Sir, you was always ready to stand by anyone in trouble and that if there was anything crooked about the business you'd be the man to find it, 'as what you didn't know about crooks was hardly worth knowing, seeing as how you'd been a crook yourself before you took to preaching—begging your pardon, Sir, but that was what he said—"

"And he told you the truth. And help you I will, if I can, and see fit. Though mind you, there's no class of criminal I hate worse than snide coin fakers. Burglars only rob the rich most of the time—there's that to be said for them. But it's the poor mostly that the dud coin merchants fatten on. Now tell me: did your husband come home alone on Tuesday?"

"How could he? He was drunk, I keep on telling you—blind paralytic and singing 'The Mother's Prayer.' It was Ernie and another gentleman brought him home."

"Who is Ernie?"

"He's the mate of the *London Lass*."

"And the other gentleman?"

"I never saw him before."

"That's all I need ask you at present," said Mayo, putting on his hat. "Now, missus, we'll be getting along to the court."

The lobby of the court was full of a crowd of summons-seekers, witnesses, prisoners' friends, and idlers. As they entered it, Mrs. Holmes clutched Mayo's arm and pointed.

"That's Ernie," she said eagerly. "Underneath the map of the Tube Station over there talking to the gentleman in the trench-coat. And the other gentleman is the one that helped Ernie bring Peter home. Come over and I'll introduce you, and they'll tell you as all I told you about Peter being drunk is true."

"Not now," said Mayo. "You come this way, and I'll ask the sergeant if he can't slip you into the court before the public are admitted so that you'll be sure of getting a good seat. I'm well known to the police—always have been."

He persuaded the sergeant to regard Mrs. Holmes as a privileged member of the public, and then returned to the lobby, where, until the court opened, he seemed to be engrossed in an examination of the London Tube Railway system.

The magistrate first turned his attention to non-controversial matters—the granting of summonses and licenses and the sentencing of drunkards who had no alternative but to plead guilty. When he had disposed of a number of these, at the rate of one every three minutes, Peter Holmes was called. As he took his place in the dock, the man in the trench-coat stepped briskly into the witness-box, swore in a loud, sing-song voice to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help him God, informed the magistrate that his name was James Thompson, and that he was a detective employed in the Criminal Investigation Department. Then as the magistrate made a note of the name with a scratching quill pen, he looked round the court with the assured air of one well accustomed to his surroundings.

"Acting on information I went yesterday evening to 91, Limehouse Road, Bow," said the detective, and paused to give the magistrate's pen time to catch up with him.

"Limehouse Road, Bow," repeated the magistrate. "Yes, go on!"

The detective continued his evidence, pausing after every dozen words and delivering a fresh instalment every time the magistrate stopped writing.

"I found the prisoner there. I told him that I had a warrant to search the house. I proceeded to search it. In a vase on the mantelpiece I found these two packets of counterfeit half-crowns." He passed the spurious coins up to the Bench and continued, "I warned the prisoner that anything he said might be used in evidence against him. He said that he did not know how the coins came to be in his possession, and that if I took no steps against him

he would take them out to sea and drop them overboard. He also endeavoured to bribe me with half a crown—"

"Not with one of the counterfeit half-crowns. I suppose," remarked the magistrate, and a laugh went round the court. It was a mild joke, not worth reporting in the newspapers, but it served the purpose that the magistrate intended it should serve. The majesty of the law is somewhat overpowering, with the result that muddle-headed witnesses and nerve-wracked prisoners would often be driven by the sheer weight of it into stuttering incoherence and self-contradiction if the magistrate did not now and then relieve the pressure by some harmless pleasantry. The magistrate smiled as he made the joke, and the detective smiled as he shook his head, and the prisoner in the dock braced himself and felt that the magistrate was a human being, after all, as he answered to the question whether he would prefer to be tried in that court or to have his case go before a jury.

"I don't know what to say, Sir," said Holmes. "All I know is that I don't know anything about how the coins came to be in my house."

Mayo stepped forward to the bar of the court.

"Your worship," he said, "may I be allowed to represent the prisoner?"

The magistrate looked at Mayo over his spectacles.

"Do you mean that you know of any facts material to the case? If so, you may certainly go into the witness-box."

"At present I only guess at the facts," said Mayo. "And your worship will tell me that what I guess isn't evidence. But I believe that if you will let me represent the prisoner, I shall be able to elicit facts that will materially affect his interests."

The magistrate pondered. It is not usual for a prisoner to be represented by anyone but a qualified lawyer, because an untrained man is not likely to do his client much good, and is almost certain to take up the time of the court unduly. But the law lays down that a magistrate may, if he choose, allow an accredited lay agent to plead.

He knew Mayo well by reputation. He knew what a cunning criminal he had been in the past, and what a successful reformer of criminals he had since become. He knew that probably no layman in the country knew more than he about the law of evidence and police-court procedure, and he was disposed to hear him. The detective decided him. That young man, being flushed with recent professional success, was suffering from a mental condition popularly known as "swelled head." He challenged the magistrate's power to let a layman plead, and the magistrate, not liking to be taught his duty by subordinates, called Mayo inside the bar and invited him to call what witnesses he pleased.

"I will question this witness first, your worship," he said, and turned towards the detective. "Now, James Thompson, tell the court, please, whether you have had any previous experience of counterfeit-coin cases."

"For the last six months," said the detective arrogantly, "I have been doing nothing else but track down counterfeit-coin sharps. I was specially detailed for the job."

"Can you always tell a counterfeit coin from a real one?"

"Always."

"Can you explain to the court how you do it?"

The detective took from his pocket a real half-crown and a false one, passed them up to the Bench and delivered an admirable two minutes' lecture on the points of difference between real and spurious coins. He thoroughly enjoyed doing it. There are few experts who are not gratified at having an opportunity to display their skill.

"Do you know who made that counterfeit coin that you showed his worship?"

"Perfectly. It was made by a man that I arrested only last week."

"Had he been at work long before you arrested him?"

"Barely a fortnight. He came over from America less than three weeks ago, and I had my eye on him from the start."

"Do you know who made the coins you found in the prisoner's house?"

"They were made by the same man."

"Having run the coiner himself to earth, you set about finding out who was uttering the coins, and your investigations led you to arrest the prisoner?"

"Yes."

"A very smart bit of work! The double capture ought to do you a bit of good at Scotland Yard. It ought to lead to your promotion, oughtn't it?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said the detective gaily, and left the witness-box, very well pleased with himself.

"Call Ernest Uggleton, please," said Mayo.

Ernie dropped his cap on his way to the witness-box, boggled over the oath, and showed every sign of embarrassment. Not having expected to be called, he had not rehearsed in his mind what he would say. But Mayo adroitly put him at his ease.

"You are mate of the trawler of which the prisoner is skipper?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You look a smart seaman. Young as you are you are qualified, I daresay, to command the trawler?"

"Yes. I've got my skipper's certificate."

"Then if the prisoner cannot prove his innocence to-day, you will be given command of the trawler when she sails to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"How long have you known the prisoner?"

"A matter of five years."

"And are you good friends with him?"

"Yes."

"When your vessel is in port you knock round with him sometimes of an evening?"

"Yes."

"You were with him on Tuesday evening?"

"Yes."

"And when you found he had too much to drink you took him home?"

"Yes."

"Was anyone else with you?"

Ernie hesitated, and Mayo had to repeat the question before he admitted that there had been a third member of the party.

"Who was he?"

"Another seaman," said Ernie, but he mumbled the answer so inaudibly that Mayo had to ask him to repeat it.

"Do you know the prisoner's wife?"

"Yes."

"She has a name for being a bit near, I believe. I'm told that when her husband goes out of an evening she doesn't let him have more than a shilling in his pocket?"

"That's right," said the mate. There was laughter in court, and protests from Mrs. Holmes (quickly suppressed by the policeman on duty) that her parsimony was prompted by consideration of her husband's best interests.

"But you are not stingy yourself, are you?" continued Mayo genially. "I mean—when you are

knocking round with a chum you don't back out of calling for drinks just because it isn't your turn to stand them?"

"No. I'm not that sort."

"When you were knocking round with the prisoner on Tuesday evening did you pay for more than your share of the drinks?"

"Yes. . . . No, I mean," said Ernie. He suddenly seemed to see somewhat dimly the point to which Mayo was leading him.

"Did your friend pay for more than his share?"

"No."

"Did the prisoner drink with anyone else that evening?"

"No."

"Was the prisoner very drunk when you took him home?"

"No. Only a bit fresh-like."

"Was he sober enough to know what he was doing?"

"Yes, quite."

"When you got him home you helped Mrs. Holmes get him to bed?"

"Yes."

"Then if he had to be helped to bed I should say that he was more than a bit drunk. I should say that he was very drunk—well on the way to be blind drunk."

"I suppose he was," agreed Ernie reluctantly.

"I want you to be more accurate in your answers," said Mayo sternly, "and I want you to be particularly careful in answering the question I am now going to ask you. If neither you nor your friend paid for more than your share of drinks on Tuesday evening, you neither of you spent more than a shilling, because that was the amount that the prisoner had to spend. How did the prisoner, after drinking only a shilling's-worth of liquor, come to be so very drunk that he had to be helped to bed?"

The mate did not answer. Mayo paused long enough to let the magistrate be impressed with his silence and sprung another question.

"While you were helping the prisoner upstairs to bed on Tuesday evening, your friend stayed downstairs in the kitchen, I suppose—there wouldn't be room for three of you to go up together?"

"That's right. He stayed downstairs," answered Ernie huskily.

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"You said that that friend of yours is a seaman. What ship is he on or has ever been on?"

Again Ernie did not answer.

"You don't seem to like the question," said Mayo sternly. "I want you to remember that you are on oath, and that I have means of finding out whether the answers you give me are true or false. I will ask you again. What does this friend of yours do for a living?"

"He's a detective."

"Is he the detective that has given evidence against the prisoner?"

"Yes."

"One more question—and be very careful how you answer. How long have you known Detective Thompson?"

"All my life."

"That is all for the present. Call Detective Thompson again, please."

Ernie shambled out of the witness-box, heartily glad to get away, and the detective returned to it, less jauntily than he had left it.

"You said that when you searched the prisoner's house you were acting on information," said Mayo. "Can you give the court some idea of the nature of the information?"

"Your worship, it's not in the public interest that I should answer that question," said the detective. "If a plain-clothes officer is made to reveal his methods to the public, he might just as well wear uniform."

"I don't think you must press that question, Mr. Mayo," said the magistrate.

"Your worship, I shall be able to prove that the prisoner was at sea during the whole while that the man said to have forged the coins found in his possession was at liberty in this country. I am trying to discover how the counterfeit coins could possibly have come into his possession."

"Isn't it enough that I found them in his house?" said the detective brazenly.

"I suggest that you yourself put them there," said Mayo. "Both you and the other witness stood to gain by the downfall of the prisoner. You stood to gain because the prisoner's conviction would help you towards promotion. The other witness, Ernest Uggleton, stood to gain because if Holmes is imprisoned he will succeed to the command of the trawler. I suggest that you and Ernest Uggleton conspired to make the prisoner drunk; to gain access to his house on pretence of taking him home; and to profit by that access by hiding on his premises counterfeit coins that you obtained when you arrested the actual coiner."

"Stop that man!" shouted the magistrate. At the back of the court the mate of the *London Lass* was pushing his way through the crowd towards the door. A burly policeman seized him, and the magistrate turned again towards the detective.

"Mr. Mayo has forced my hand," he said. "Under the circumstances I shall allow the question—on what information were you acting when you searched the prisoner's house?"

The detective licked his lips nervously and opened his mouth. His lips moved, but no sound came from them. He fidgeted with the Testament on the shelf in front of him and looked at the ceiling. He cleared his throat twice, said "Your worship" huskily, and fell silent again.

At a sign from the magistrate the police sergeant touched him on the arm and led him out of the court.

The evening meal at 91, Limehouse Road, Bow, was one to remember. There were hot pigs' trotters and cold ham from the cookshop round the corner, watercress, a slab of cake, and two kinds of jam. But after he had eaten it, Peter Holmes seemed restless.

"It's my last night ashore," he said.

Mrs. Holmes took her purse from the dresser-drawer and slipped into his hand, not one shilling, but two.

THE END.



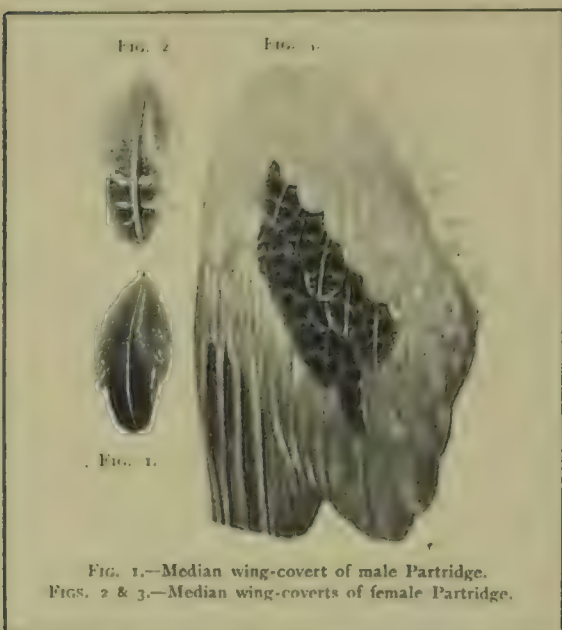
"A sergeant and a plain-clothes man . . . had found the snide coins in the vase on the mantelpiece."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE ENGLISH PARTRIDGE.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

WHEN I write my "Memories of the Months," I think I shall begin with September 1. For that day, when I was a boy, as now, was a great and exciting day. Perhaps I caught the infection from my elders, who were always up betimes with guns and dogs, to sally forth in pursuit of the "poor man's game-bird"—the partridge.



ONE INFALLIBLE TEST OF SEX IN ENGLISH PARTRIDGES: THE WING-COVERTS OF THE MALE AND FEMALE.

Fig. 1 (lower left) shows a single covert feather of a male partridge; Figs. 2 and 3 those of a female, with transverse bars. The differences of colour are described by Mr. Pycraft on this page.

Even now I can recall the "nip" in the air, and the smell of the earth; the lunch by the hedge, and the cheerful blaze of the fire—for our "winter fires" always began on September 1—on returning home tired and hungry. A landrail or two, and perhaps one or two other species, accidentally killed, would always be in the "bag," and these always fell to me for my little collection of skins. I wonder whether I shall ever shoot partridges again! In those days I was assigned a safe post, where a few birds would be sure to be driven over. I can feel the thrill of their oncoming even now.

Somehow, the sportsman never seems to get much beyond the joyous exercise of the shooting. His lore of the partridge is limited. Even to-day, how many can tell you the difference between the sexes of our common English partridge? In nine cases out of ten he will tell you they are indistinguishable, or that, if there is a difference, then the female has the smaller horse-shoe. He is wrong. There is one infallible test, discovered some years ago now by that enthusiastic student of the game-birds, Mr. W. R. Ogilvie Grant, one of our greatest living authorities on that group. And that test is to be applied to the wing-coverts. In the male these are blotched on the inner web with chestnut, while the shaft-streak is buff-coloured. In the female these feathers—the lesser wing-coverts—are mostly black, and in place of a buff shaft-stripe there is a series of transverse bars of buff. A glance at the left upper illustration will make this clear. Other slight differences there are, but this matter of the difference in the wing-coverts will suffice to tell male from female at all times.

The presence, or absence, of the chestnut horse-shoe on the breast is generally held to be the distinguishing mark between the sexes; where it is wanting the bird is a female. But this is a very unsafe deduction, for there are many exceptions to this rule. And these exceptions are particularly interesting, and demand a more careful attention than

they have hitherto received. To begin with (and this is worth noting) where the horse-shoe does occur, it is a sign of immaturity; and it occurs more frequently in birds from the Midlands than elsewhere. Young females from Norfolk and Suffolk, for example, like the majority of old females, show no more than a few chestnut spots where the horse-shoe should be. To what factors are we to attribute these "geographical differences"?

That the character of the "country" inhabited affects them very materially, both in the matter of coloration and size, seems to be easily demonstrable. Norfolk and Suffolk appear to afford the ideal conditions—light soil and cultivated land adjoining wide stretches of heather and bracken. Here birds up to nineteen ounces in weight have been obtained; and here, too, the largest bags in the country are made. But in parts of Surrey, Staffordshire, Yorkshire and Scotland, where rough moorland bordering on tillage is found, the birds run much smaller, though they are brighter-coloured, and are said to be even better table birds. Mr. J. G. Millais, in his sumptuous "Natural History of British Game Birds," tells us that there are known coveys which have lived on Scottish moorlands, and even bogs, for generations, content with a life seemingly fitted only for snipe. They do not even fly to the cultivated fields of light soil a mile distant. Though they have deteriorated in the matter of size, they seem to have retained full vigour.

Modern methods of cultivation have done much to reduce the numbers of birds on most estates, by cleaning up hedges and removing rough cover. Where a larger head of game is coveted, attention to this matter of "cover" would yield far more satisfactory results than the importation of the alien Hungarian, or "bearded partridge" (*Perdix daurica*), which has been introduced on some estates, under the impression that the lessened coveys might be enlarged by the introduction of "fresh blood."

The Hungarian partridge differs from our bird, mainly, in its conspicuously greyer colour, the black horse-shoe, and the buff coloration of the throat and breast. The throat feathers are very long, hence the name "bearded partridge." Its general appearance, and especially the distribution of the buff in place of the minutely vermiculated underparts, can be seen in the right lower illustration. It is to be hoped that no more importations of this kind will be made; for if the two species were induced to interbreed to any extent, we should lose one of the most characteristic of our English birds. As with our own birds, the females are to be distinguished by the buff-barred wing-coverts and the absence of the horse-shoe on the breast. Also, as in our own species, birds of the year may be distinguished by the fact that the short, outermost primary is sharply pointed at the tip instead of rounded. If these imported birds survive, it will be interesting to see whether,

apart from interbreeding with our English bird—if they can be induced to interbreed—they undergo any material change in the matter of their coloration.

None of our game-birds migrates, in the ordinary sense of the term. Ptarmigan and grouse will shift from higher to lower levels under stress of severe weather, but their range of movement is limited. The English partridge is perhaps the least "migratory" of all. If the Hungarian birds show a like disinclination to wander, then the result of their change of environment will be the more easily measurable.

And now a word as to the "red-legged," or "French" partridge. This bird is also an alien; though why it is called the "French partridge" is unknown. There seems to be no record as to the country whence the original stock was obtained. It is a native of South-Western Europe, ranging north to Belgium, France, and Switzerland. The first attempt at introduction was made in 1770, by Major Hertford and Lord Rendlesham, in Norfolk. But the first really successful experiments were made by Lord Alvanley in Suffolk, in 1824 and following years. It is now resident in the Eastern and Midland counties, and is perhaps extending its range. The experiment, at first, was all too successful!

As the birds increased, so they became anathema to the sportsman, owing to their reluctance to take to flight. In those days men walked up their birds with dogs, which became demoralised by running after their fleeing quarry. A whole covey would disperse, trusting to escape rather by their legs than by their wings. Those who deemed themselves so unfortunate as to have breeding-birds upon their estates boiled their eggs for breakfast, or bade their keepers stamp on them! But all to no purpose! The poor bird was further charged with driving off the rightful owner of the soil—the English partridge. But this has been proved to be unjustified. Indeed, the "boot is on the other foot," for the English bird is far more pugnacious, and easily drives off the redleg. Now that partridges are driven to the guns, the red-leg is no longer unwelcome, but rather the reverse.

In coloration, as everyone knows, the two birds are utterly unlike, though which is the handsomer of the two is a matter of opinion. But the "cheepers" are by no means so readily distinguishable. And when young red-legs begin to discard their juvenile for the adult dress, they present a curious appearance utterly bewildering to many sportsmen. This much is shown by the frequency with which such anomalous birds are sent to the British Museum of Natural History as "hybrids" between the English and French birds! The accompanying photograph will give an idea of the appearance of the plumage at this stage. But really good examples of the earlier stages of this



OFTEN MISTAKEN AT THIS AGE FOR A CROSS WITH THE ENGLISH PARTRIDGE (SEE LEFT LOWER PHOTOGRAPH): A YOUNG RED-LEG, OR "FRENCH" PARTRIDGE, IN ITS FIRST PLUMAGE.

The buff shaft stripes of the feathers in the young Red-Leg resemble those of the English partridge. The coloration of the adult birds is quite distinct.



SHOWING THE BUFF STRIPED FEATHERS RESEMBLING THE FIRST PLUMAGE OF A YOUNG RED-LEG (SEE RIGHT UPPER PHOTOGRAPH): A YOUNG ENGLISH PARTRIDGE.

The "cheepers," or young birds, of the two species are often confused, although in the adult stage they are quite unlike in coloration.



WITH BLACK "HORSE-SHOE" AND BUFF-COLOURED THROAT AND BREAST FEATHERS: THE HUNGARIAN, OR "BEARDED," PARTRIDGE.

The buff-coloured area of the throat and fore-breast, so different from that of the English partridge, is indicated by the uniform tint of the photograph.—[Photographs by E. J. Manly.]

plumage, in the case of both species, are still needed for the National Collection. Perhaps sportsmen will make a note of the fact.

A NATURALISED ALIEN AMONG GAME BIRDS: THE "RED-LEG."

FROM THE PAINTING BY O. MURRAY DIXON (COPYRIGHT)



ONCE UNPOPULAR WITH SPORTSMEN OWING TO THEIR RELUCTANCE TO FLY, BUT WELCOME SINCE DRIVING TO THE GUNS BECAME CUSTOMARY: THE RED-LEGGED OR "FRENCH" PARTRIDGE (*CACCABIS RUPESTRIS*.)

As Mr. W. P. Pycraft explains in the Science article published in this number, the Red-Legged or French Partridge is an alien to this country, but why it should be called French in particular is unknown, as it is a native of south-western Europe, ranging north not only to France, but also to Switzerland and Belgium. There is, apparently, no record as to which country supplied the original stock imported to England. Attempts were made to introduce the birds in 1770, but success was not

attained till 1824. It is now resident in the Eastern and Midland Counties. In former days, when sportsmen walked up their birds with dogs, the Red Leg was very unpopular owing to its reluctance to fly and preference for escaping on foot; but now that partridges are driven to the guns it is no longer unwelcome. The Red Leg offers a good mark, as it is a larger bird than the English partridge, flies slower and straighter, and is apt to come alone instead of in coveys.

WHEN "MADGE" WAS TOASTED: EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CRICKET.

"THE HAMBLETON CRICKET CHRONICLE": By F. S. ASHLEY-COOPER.*

IN the year 1767, the Rev. Reynell Cotton, Master of Hyde Abbey School, Winchester, wrote for the Hambledon Club, Hants, its Cricket Song, a matter of fourteen verses beginning—

Attend all ye Muses, and join to rehearse
An old English Sport, never prais'd yet in verse!
'Tis CRICKET I sing, of illustrious fame,
No nation e'er boasted so noble a game.



THE RESTORATION OF THE ADAM COLONNADE AT THE ADMIRALTY: A DRAWING BY ROBERT ADAM, THE FAMOUS ARCHITECT, OF HIS ORIGINAL DESIGN.

By Courtesy of the Curator of the Soane Museum. Photograph by Sport and General.

With others worth quoting—

The parties are met, and array'd all in white,
Fam'd Elis ne'er boasted so noble a sight:
Each Nymph looks askance at her favourite
—wain,
And views him half stripp'd both with
pleasure and pain.

and—

Then fill up your glass!—He's the best who
drinks most;
Here's the Hambledon Club!—Who refuses
the toast:
Let us join in the praise of the Bat and the
Wicket,
And sing in full Chorus the Patrons of Cricket.

On July 19, 1790, the Club Minutes noted: "Ordered that Mr. Cotton's Cricket Song be Framed & glazed & hung up in the Cricket Club Room, & one Hundred Copys are printed."

The compliment was late in the paying, for the reverend member well and truly represented the spirit of his club. It was liquidly and solidly social as well as strictly sporting. Its records are full of good fellowship, and its motto, as Mr. E. V. Lucas has it, was "Wine, Cricket and Song."

As to its beginnings, they are as uncertain as the origin of cricket itself. It may have started in 1750, or in 1755: all that is certain is that in 1756 it was strong enough to send a team against Dartford, on the Artillery Ground, London; that it grew to be a power unrivalled, making Hambledon "the cradle of Cricket"; and that between 1769 and 1770 it was declining, on the eve of that fall which, despite a renewal of energy meanwhile, may be said to date from the foundation of the M.C.C. in 1787.

The Minute Book and a Statement of Accounts which are the very welcome excuse for the "Chronicle" here noticed are printed for the first time. The former dates from May 1, 1781—when the standing Toasts were noted as: "1. The Queen's Mother. 2. The King. 3. Hambledon Club. 4. Cricket. 5. To the Immortal Memory of Madge. 6. The President"—to September 21, 1796—when the entry is: "No Gentlemen." The latter covers from May 1791—with an entry of 14s. for seven bottles of port and 6s. for two bottles of sherry, received; and £5 15s. paid to the players—to August 15, 1796—with one three-guinea subscription received, with 1s. 6d. overplus of the Bill, and £3 3s. 6d. paid to Players, with £10 10s. for rent of The Down.

The 'Madge' of the Toasts is a mystery—possibly a servant, possibly a famous player, possibly a name formed, D.O.R.A. fashion, from initials. Otherwise the records are clear, it not always elaborate enough to satisfy. Many items stand out.

* "The Hambledon Cricket Chronicle, 1772-1796; Including the Reproduction of the Minute and Account Books of the Club." By F. S. Ashley-Cooper; with an Introduction by E. V. Lucas. (Herbert Jenkins, Ltd.; 10s. 6d. net.)

First: the dress of the cricketers. They were by no means as "half-stripp'd" as the Rev. Mr. Cotton's poetic license suggested. Indeed, they were a good deal less "Byronic" than the modern players, even when they had doffed their coats. The "Hampshire Chronicle" of 25 July, 1791, said: "The gentlemen of the Hambledon Club were uniformly dressed in sky-blue coats with black velvet collars, and the letters C.C. (Cricketing Club) engraved on their buttons." Beldham recalled that: "They once used to play always in velvet caps . . . and the fashionable dress was knee-breeches and stockings. . . . Just think of the old fashion, sir, before cricket shoes, when I saw John Wells tear a finger-nail off against his shoe-buckle in picking up a ball!" Remark further, an item of accounts on June 26, 1781: "Ordered that eleven Hats be procured for the Cricketers & a black one for the Waiter."

Then the scoring. In his Survey Mr. Ashley-Cooper writes: "The disastrous fire at Lord's in 1825 caused much interesting and valuable information respecting the club to be destroyed, for Mr. Budd said to Pycroft: 'Here many a time have I looked over the old papers of Dehany and Sir H. Mann; but the room was burnt, and the old scores

On Sept. 9, 1776, the *Hampshire Chronicle* announced: "Another match will be played on Broad-halfpenny on Monday, five of a side, after a new plan, when they are to have three stumps instead of two, in order to shorten the game." This, be it seen, nearly a year after that 1775 match against five of Kent of which it is said: "Small went in, last man, with 14 runs to make and obtained them. During his innings, which lasted 2½ hours, however, Lumpy bowled through his wicket three times without removing the bail; and, as it was considered hard on the bowler that his straight deliveries should thus fail to meet with their due reward, it was decided to add a third stump to the wicket. This improvement was adopted gradually, and had become general about the year 1780. It was this development (coupled with the length bowling of David Harris) which brought about the change in the form of the bat, one straight in the pod being substituted for the curved variety." In July 1797, the *Hampshire Chronicle* wrote: "Lord Winchelsea has made an improvement in the game of cricket, by having 4 stumps instead of 3, and the wickets two inches higher. The game is thus rendered shorter, by easier bowling out."

As to the players pay, that "does not seem to have been definitely recorded, although in September 1782 it was decided that those who played in the county eleven should receive 'on the Practice Days four Shillings if Winners, and three Shillings if Losers,' provided they attended 'by Twelve of the clock.'" Before that, in July 1773, it was directed that the players be on the ground by eleven and that those who arrived afterwards were "to forfeit 3d. each to be spent amongst those that come at the appointed time"—a punishment doubled in 1784, the "fines to be spent in punch for the benefit of the other players."

The professionals, let it be clear, were not the only people mulcted. On Sept. 17, 1782, it was set down: "Ordered nem con that Mr. Jervoise be fined a Buck, for omitting to send Venison to Nyrens this day according to Custom, he being President of the Club." Evidently a sequel, this, to the feast of twelve days before, when there was "An Extra Meeting to Eat Venison and drink Bonham's and Fitzherbert's Claret," a merry-making akin to many another.

So to another matter: the Club members and those they must have called the Fair. However little they may have wanted them at their Club meetings, they were certainly glad to have them at their matches, and various comforts were prepared for them, notably perhaps, "Green Base . . . sufficient to cover the seats of the Tent for the Ladies."

Evidently, the Hambledon was a club indeed. Now, as Mr. Lucas has it, "with cricket at its present high tension—almost a national industry and the means of livelihood to large numbers—the word club in the Hambledon sense has to a large



AS IT WAS FROM 1828 UNTIL THE RECENT RESTORATION: THE MUTILATED COLONNADE, WITH THE CENTRAL ARCH CLOSED AND COLUMNS REMOVED FOR TWO SIDE CARRIAGE-ENTRANCES.

The beautiful colonnade, or screen, in front of the Admiralty, in Whitehall, designed by Robert Adam, the celebrated architect, in 1759, was mutilated about 1827-8 by the then First Lord, as the central arch was too narrow for carriages on State occasions. He, therefore, closed it and made two side entrances. As there is a State entrance on the Horse Guards Parade side of the Admiralty, the Office of Works recently decided to restore the colonnade to Adam's original design, still in the Admiralty's possession. A copy (reproduced above) is in the Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The central arch has now been reopened, and the side entrances closed, two new pillars being inserted.—[Photograph by Topical.]



RESTORED TO ROBERT ADAM'S ORIGINAL DESIGN, SAVE FOR STATUES IN THE NICHES: THE CENTRAL ARCH OPENED AND EACH SIDE ENTRANCE CLOSED WITH A NEW COLUMN.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

extent passed. Pity 'tis 'tis true, and it is good that a book such as this Chronicle should be put upon the market. It will be a delight to all who regard their great summer game as more than a mere pastime: seldom, if ever, have Minutes and Accounts yielded so well.

E. H. G.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: RECENT EVENTS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX. STÜCKER (BERLIN), SPORT AND GENERAL, GUÉRIN-SOLARY, AND L.N.A.



THE UNVEILING OF A GERMAN MONUMENT TO THE PIONEERS OF GLIDING IN THE RHÖN MOUNTAINS: THE CROWD ON THE HILLSIDE.



THE GERMAN EAGLE AS A SYMBOL OF PROGRESS IN AVIATION: THE MONUMENT TO THE PIONEERS OF GLIDING.



UNVEILED BY PRINCESS MARY'S FATHER-IN-LAW, THE EARL OF HAREWOOD, IN HER PRESENCE: THE HARROGATE WAR MEMORIAL.



THE GREAT FOREST FIRES ON THE RIVIERA: A STRIKING VIEW OF THE BURNING WOODS ON THE MAURES COAST TAKEN FROM ST. RAPHAEL.



THE IRISH FREE STATE ELECTIONS: SOLDIERS WITH BICYCLES WHO GUARDED BALLOT-BOXES COMING IN FROM COUNTRY DISTRICTS.

The German pioneers of gliding have been commemorated by a monument, consisting of a cairn surmounted by an eagle, which was unveiled on August 30 on the hill where the flights took place, the Wasserkuppe in the Rhön mountains.—The Harrogate war memorial, an obelisk 75 ft. high, in Prospect Square, was unveiled on September 1 by the Earl of Harewood and dedicated by the Bishop of Ripon. Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, was present. Viscount Lascelles, in an address, said that 3615 Harrogate men enlisted in the war, and of these 93 officers and 748 other ranks, including five women, were killed. On the pedestal of the monument are tablets bearing the names of the fallen and



POLICE PROTECTION FOR BALLOT-BOXES DURING THE IRISH ELECTIONS: A CONSTABLE IN A JAUNTING-CAR CONTAINING A BALLOT-BOX FROM THE COUNTRY.

carved panels representing "The Call to Arms" and "Victory."—The recent fires in the forests of Maures and Estérel, on the Riviera, caused a loss estimated at millions of francs. In the Commune of Mandelieu alone over 6090 acres were devastated and five houses burnt down, including a villa belonging to M. Franklin-Bouillon. The French Inspector-General of Forests recently went to the district to hold an inquiry. He is said to have obtained disquieting evidence pointing to incendiarism in certain places.—The final results of the Irish Free State elections were stated to be as follows: Government candidates, 63; Republicans, 44; Independents, 16; Labour, 15; Farmers, 15; Total, 153.



MASTER AND STUDENT.

From the Painting, "Le Vieux Maître," by Jules Alexis Muenier, Exhibited in the Paris Salon, 1923. Artist's Copyright Reserved.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

THE autumn publishing season has opened well, and readers who are still away from home will find that the box from the library contains not a little treasure-trove. As a hint for making up a list, take these titles: Storm Jameson's "THE PITIFUL WIFE" (Constable; 7s. 6d.), A. S. M. Hutchinson's "THE EIGHTH WONDER" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.); "UNCANNY STORIES," by May Sinclair (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.); "THE WINDING STAIR," by A. E. W. Mason (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.); "WORLDS APART," by M. P. Willcocks (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.); "A VENDOR OF DREAMS," by E. D. Cuming (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.); "JIM MAITLAND," by Sapper (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.); "ROSAMUND," by Lord Gorell (John Murray; 7s. 6d.). Among these will be found some work of high distinction, and all are good.

For the non-fiction part of the list, the following are well worth noting. Baring Gould's "EARLY REMINISCENCES" (The Bodley Head; 16s.); "THE FARINGTON DIARY," Vol. II., edited by James Greig (Hutchinson; 21s.); "OLD INDIAN TRAILS," by Walter McClintock (Constable; 21s.); "THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN," by Bertram C. A. Windle (Methuen; 12s. 6d.); and, especially welcome to readers still enjoying hill, moor, and loch in Caledonia, "THE SCOTTISH BALLADS AND BALLAD-WRITING," by Lauchlan Maclean Watt (Gardner; 6s.). Many people enjoy the Scottish ballads without knowing exactly what a ballad is, and wherein lies its peculiar magic. To know this is to have one's enjoyment of that form of poetry heightened tenfold, and Mr. Watt is the man to put one in possession of the secret. He knows what he is writing about, and his pleasant look puts the reader in possession of a touchstone that will save him from ever mistaking the old ballad from the later imitation. In several instances this is very difficult; "Sir Patrick Spens," for example, may be late, but it has the right enchantment, and is ballad literature undeniable.

While on this subject let me slip in an aside not altogether off the point. As Byron is in the air at the moment, it occurs to me that no one seems to have actually noted, although many must have noticed, that the real ballad touch occurs, though late, in the satirical song composed by some local northern rhymers on the marriage of the scapegrace Captain Jack Byron and Miss Gordon of Gight, the poet's parents—

Oh, where are ye gaein', bonnie Miss Gordon?
Oh, where are ye gaein', sae bonnie and braw?
Ye've mairriet, ye've mairriet wi' Johnnie Byron,
To squander the lands o' Gight awa'.

Peter Buchan paid it the compliment of including it in his *Collection of Ancient Ballads* (1825), which implies recognition of its kinship with the traditional style. The dialect, however, is far from being pure Northern, and bears traces of Southern Scots. The song is in no way imitative; it is a spontaneous and original outburst of intense local feeling, such as has not, I think, occurred since that time. In 1795, therefore, the genius of the ballad was still alive, in all its elusive power of lilt and recurrent cadence. Curious that it should have been inspired by a marriage so important to poetry. There exists, by the way, an amusing translation into French, which, although unhappily in prose, manages to suggest something of the rhythm. Byron himself made one attempt at the traditional ballad form in "Oscar of Alva," but even his genius could not evade the mint-marks of the imitator.

To return to the new books. "The Pitiful Wife" alone is sufficient to make the present publishing season remarkable in fiction. Miss Storm Jameson has already done work of great promise, but here is great performance. In this story her maturing genius strikes a more mellow note, and has realised a deeper humanity. The setting is still war and post-war; the story the tragedy of a very pure and trustful wife, who, after enduring patiently the separation of the long campaign, receives her husband

back, only to discover that he has for a time looked elsewhere. That may seem, at this time of day, a situation little short of hackneyed. But the treatment is everything. Former episodes of the same kind seem insignificant beside this masterly and original handling. But it is the closing scenes that make the book, with their tense duel between husband and wife, fighting every step of their way back to reconciliation. The analysis of the wife's grounds of offence pierces far beneath conventional morality, and will be fiercely canvassed. But its exposure of the injured sense of property leads to a revelation of a saner and more sacred basis of marriage, at which no moralist can cavil.

There is one character, Mrs. Bellber, whose pithy sayings may yet pass into currency with those of Mrs. Poyser. One of them ought to prevent any mistake as to the ethics of this extremely modern novel—

"I ha' a modern woman for a daughter-in-law. She's a vulgar fool, and writes books in praise of adultery. She thinks she understands men. Give her her due, she does understand a few things about 'un, but his heart is still a mystery to her. Even more of a mystery than it was to my grandmother, who had more lovingkindness to help her, if less knowledge of the world. That's what they call it, m'dear—knowledge of the world. For my part, I can never understand why girls should be proud of having learned to behave like loose women."

Thus Miss Storm Jameson readjusts the balance upset by war with her solution of a problem arising from the unstable equilibrium of that period. "Dr. Goldsmith, Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "has been loose in his principles, but he is coming right." And so with these times and their fiction.

Miss Jameson shows the way to do it. If you wish to see how *not* to do it, you may glance at another novel, "THE FIRST GOOD JOY," by C. A. Nicholson (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). It may not be politic to give the book this advertisement, but it happens to make my point. Let it go at that.

If you were to light upon writing like the following, whose would you say it was?—

Oh, a good book, not perhaps a great book, but good, yes, good. Full of plums. It had wanted some doing, it had. But simple all the same, and fresh as a bean-field or a kid at the seaside. Just that. - Some pathos, too, and a good, strong slogging situation chucked in, here and there—just to qualify the sweet bits with a part to tear a cat in. Quite.

Well, it isn't his, except one complete sentence, which thing this author manages to dispense with pretty frequently, but you were right, all the same, in your guess. For the real Simon Pure (and not the imitator) you must go to "The Eighth Wonder" (author and publisher named above), a collection of short stories fairly adequately described in the foregoing parody.

It is scarcely autumn yet, but people will still be reading the book when the inclement season arrives, for it contains one or two things that prove the writer almost as capable a short-story engineer as he is a novel-contractor. For choice, I should pick out "The Rough Little Girl and the Smooth Little Girl," which is saved from conventional sentimentality in the ending by the Author's Apology. He knows what he is giving us by way of a finish, and he owns up before he lets fly. After that we can't very well cavil. He has taken the wind out of our sails. That being so, we can only admire the situation and enjoy the fun of it.

"The Swordsman," again, is a fine ghastly idea that would have been impressive had the story kept

all along to the central motive. But it is so much wrapped up in rambling prefaces and irrelevancies—ever so many other good short stories thrown away, in fact—that the full force of the blow is deadened.

One envies, however, the prodigality of invention that can throw off, and toss aside unfinished, little plots that would have set Stevenson up in business for a twelvemonth or more. To sow with the hand, and not with the sack, is a good old maxim I venture to commend to our friend the writer. One can pay too great a price for this freedom.

And now to come down to unqualified praise—no, not quite unqualified, even here, for the best-constructed, strongest and most satisfying story in the book suffers from an occasional affectation of style very little in this author's manner. He has been odd, quaint, jerky, lawless if you will, but seldom or never affected heretofore, and one regrets the slip. Hitherto he has stuck to prose—queer prose at times, but still prose. In "A Magdalen of the Soil," through stress of emotion, he drops into verse. Enough. Dismissed under the First Offenders Act with an admonition not to let it occur again.

But for the story itself, apart from vagaries in the style, the praise may well be unqualified. It is a war story of Northern France, the sort of war story one hoped to read when a sufficient interval should have separated us from the turmoil, just as 1870 at length gave us "L'Attaque du Moulin" and "Boule de Suif." It is the latter theme removed from the bourgeoisie to the peasantry and cast in a far more heroic mould. The pathos, too, is deeper and more intensely moving than Maupassant's episode of the social outcast. "A Magdalen of the Soil" cannot and ought not to miss its place in Anthologies of the Short Story. Excellent anthologies of this kind are "THIRTY AND ONE STORIES" by as many eminent authors (Butterworth; 7s. 6d.); and "FIVE STRIKING STORIES" from the French (Phi'pot; 5s.).



DRAPERY SUGGESTED BY THE GRAIN IN A FRAGMENT OF DRIFTWOOD: "THE GIPSY"—A LIFELIKE FIGURE REVEALED BY ADDING A WAX FACE AND FEET.



A RODIN EFFECT PRODUCED BY THE ACTION OF THE SEA ON A PIECE OF WRECKAGE: "IN THE TEMPEST"—A FIGURINE WITH A WAX FACE ADDED.



THE TOUCH OF ART ON NATURAL "SCULPTURE": "THE CANCAN"—A FIGURE FASHIONED BY ADDING A WAX HEAD AND LIMBS TO A PIECE OF FLOTSAM.

As further described on the opposite page, these figures are merely pieces of driftwood, whose lifelike form was brought out by a French woman sculptor by the addition of wax faces, hands, and feet.

NEPTUNE AS RODIN'S PUPIL: A SCULPTOR'S DISCOVERIES IN DRIFTWOOD.



FINISHED BY THE ADDITION OF WAX FACES AND LIMBS: FRAGMENTS OF WRECKAGE IN THE SHAPE OF FIGURES.

These remarkable wooden statuettes are only the work of human art as regards the faces, hands, and feet, which are additions in wax. The figures themselves are exactly as Nature fashioned them. They are merely pieces of driftwood—the flotsam and jetsam of the shore—which owe their shape to the action of the sea among the pebbles and the sand. It needed an artist's imaginative eye, however, to discover their latent potentialities for the purpose of statuary. They were picked up on the beach at Hossegor, a place noted for its lagoon and oyster-beds, on the Côte d'Argent of Gascony in south-western France, by a French woman sculptor,

Mme. de Burgzac, the wife of a well-known Russian painter who took refuge there after the revolution in his own country. She has made a large collection of these figures, of which the above are typical examples finished by her hand. They show Neptune to be a sculptor in the style of Rodin. Mme. de Burgzac writes: "Their true father is the Ocean; all I have done is to translate or interpret his intentions. That it fell to me to make them known, while so many have passed them without noticing this strange race, is doubtless because few love the ocean and the sands with the same passion that I feel for them."



"THE SPORTSMAN'S SOLACE"

By J. H. ROSE

Out on the moors with gun and with dog, the blank periods well provided for by a well-seasoned pipe and

a goodly supply of one's favourite Three Nuns—who cares if the birds are shy, with such a fragrant solace?

THREE NUNS TOBACCO

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The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

A VISIT TO COMPTON MACKENZIE.—SABA RALEIGH.

I COULD not resist it any longer. Day after day from my balcony at Guernsey my eye gazed on a little island, one of the smallest in the chain: hazily, distantly, I beheld a grey house, and I knew that within its walls there lived and worked, far

"Carnival"; we spoke of his first adaptation (when he was but twenty-two), of "The Passionate Elopement"—a play which his father produced in the provinces and which he himself considered no mean achievement for a mere boy. I chimed in: "Why not give it to London now? We are drifting towards the romantic—look at the success of 'The Prisoner of Zenda'?" But he feared it would require re-writing, and he had no time. His books were a certainty; the stage is a gamble. "Well, then, what about acting? You were once a shining light of the famous O.U.D.S., and as you talk I see in you an actor born—the same charm and temperament as your sister Fay." "Ah!" he said, "it nearly came to pass. To help our Nottingham venture we were planning a great tour—Shakespeare, including 'Antony.' We had splendid turns; I think it would have been a good thing; but—publishers won't wait, and I am loath to leave my island." I assured him that he would still be tempted. Wait till America hears of the idea—the almighty dollar. . . . "I am not so sure," he retorted, "that I am so popular in America as you imagine; my books are not so easily understood there. Next to England, Australia is my field.

twenty books peopling his mind and fantasy bountiful to carry him on till four-score and ten!

Saba Raleigh was a remarkable and an unlucky woman. When her husband, Cecil Raleigh, was the privileged purveyor of the Drury Lane melodrama, and she the leading lady, her progress promised boundless success. She was not a great actress, but she had personality. She was "Cleopatra"—dark, splendid of figure; she was full of dash, grand of manner; she had brilliant eyes, and she could "ladle out" a melodramatic scene with fire and élan. A little weakness of hers—how often did she poke fun at it!—was her inability to articulate the letter "r." So she avoided it whenever she could, and, unlike the oyster, sought her high-tide and season in words of "r"-less fluency. "I can't say 'marriage,'" she used to mock, "but I can jolly well make it sound as tellingly as those who roll the double 'r.'" And



"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" REVIVED AT THE HAYMARKET: MR. FRANKLIN DYALL AS BLACK MICHAEL AND MISS STELLA ARBENINA AS ANTOINETTE DE MAUBAN.

away from the rest of the world, a happy hermit, renowned and admired as Compton Mackenzie.

So, an old friend of his family, and one who tries now and again to help his mother's (Virginia Bate-man's) noble work, the Theatre Girls' Club, I used my privilege and asked the ruler of Yethou to grant me audience and an hour of his time. The reply was cordial and prompt: "My yacht will meet you promptly at 2.30 p.m. at the Albert Stairs. Will the hour suit you? For I am hard at work on a new book, and turn night into day." The appointed day was grim; the islands were almost hidden by a veil of mist; the sea was squally. But we would not miss the opportunity, and see-sawed on *Aphrodite*, who ruled the waves as imperiously as her namesake dominates the stronger sex, to the little realm where Compton Mackenzie is Seigneur for a lifetime and beholden only to his Suzerain. Yethou is a paradise beyond the grip of the tax collector.

Good sailors as we are, the crossing was a tonic; the landing in a little boat amidst surf and rocklets a personal study of the law of gravity. A picturesque figure wafted us welcome—a splendid specimen of his clan in kilt and tam. In a second we felt at home; for, like a true *grand seigneur*, Mackenzie indulges neither in pose nor in affectation. As we ascended the footpath to his house, we plunged into *medias res*: his books, his life, his freedom; and of course we wanted to know all about the population of his island, how he managed the commissariat, whether he did not feel lonely—did not yearn now and again for London and its luxury? But Mackenzie, after having coped with my many questions, dwelt on one in particular. No, he did not want London or Society; he was perfectly happy in his seclusion, with now and again a visitor telling him the latest news, or a pal sharing his house, which, since his removal from Herm, where all his books are still, is gradually getting in order. And he led us to his study, which seemed as if perched on a rock overlooking the sea, with a silhouette of Guernsey in the distance—a view that would inspire the dullest mind. "Here I work," he said, "at night—from ten onwards till dawn; for night brings inspiration. I can almost define my daily task. Never less than 3000 words. I live with my books. I have twenty in my head—would that I could pour them out at once! I have material enough till I am ninety!" What a gift of the gods—for he is scarcely forty and looks a good deal less. As I beheld him—the ideal Mark Antony—I drew our chat towards the theatre. We spoke about

Wonderful letters I get from there, even about my older books."

Talking to Mackenzie is like tapping a horn of plenty. His knowledge is amazing. He knows all his contemporaries; he revels in the *belles lettres* of the French; Stendhal's "*Chartreuse de Parme*" is his standard work; he lives, whenever the spirit moves him, in the eighteenth century. He is inwardly deeply religious, devotes study to theology; yet with all that he is essentially a man of our times, and moves with them. Has he not recently started a new monthly, *The Gramophone*, in which his accomplished wife is his fellow editor, and which—the miracle of miracles!—has already paid its way and promises a substantial annual income! I wish that a stenographer had stood behind him as he held forth on so many subjects that I can hardly remember them. It was a liberal education, and no one was happier than I that the tide, wild and boisterous, delayed us long beyond the appointed hour, and led us homeward such a dance that we saw visions of



THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PROLOGUE IN "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA": MR. ROBERT LORAIN AS PRINCE RUDOLF AND MISS PEGGY RUSH AS THE COUNTESS OF RASSENDYLL.

then, to the enjoyment of her hearers, she used to exclaim "mae," click her lips, and dwell on the "age" as if all depended on the last syllable.

After her husband's death her existence became precarious. She was left unprovided for—so she said—and her only rights were in one of his plays—

I think "*The Derby Winner*." Yet she never despaired. She left no stone unturned; she accepted any engagement that came her way, town or tour. We all wondered how it was possible that an actress so steeped in her *métier*, so painstaking, so elegant of carriage and in showing dress to its best advantage, was so little in demand. For on the stage she was a picture and a *somebody*.

Yet, luckless as she was, she never forsook the cause of others struggling on the ladder. Her work at the Actors' Association was ceaseless and fruitful; she was ever ready to lend a helping hand, albeit of counsel only, to those who sought her solace. She sprang from a distinguished Jewish family and, well trained in her youth in worldly accomplishments, was a French scholar of rare fluency; to hear her tell a story in the language of the gods was a true *régal*.

Perhaps she was to some extent her own enemy, for candour was her greatest quality—and her fault—and as a quality it is not over-popular in the World of the Theatre. She was straight to the point and did not mince matters, which is (alas!) only a privilege of leadership and independence. But those who knew her loved her for it, and, sad

as we are that she has gone, we rejoice that during the last few months of her life the tide had taken a turn, and that she died—after a very successful tour in "*The Marriage of Kitty*"—in harness instead of eating her heart out in her little flat in Bloomsbury—"disengaged."



A RASSENDYLL ON THE THRONE OF RURITANIA: MR. ROBERT LORAIN AS RUDOLF RASSENDYLL (IMPERSONATING THE KING) AND MISS FAY COMPTON AS PRINCESS FLAVIA.

The revival of "*The Prisoner of Zenda*," the romantic play founded on Sir Anthony Hope's famous novel, has proved very popular at the Haymarket, especially as the cast is a strong one, and the acting first-rate.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Bonfield, Ltd.]

a Robinson Crusoe's adventure on one of the islets in our course.

It was as stimulating as the north-west wind that braced us, to have spent a few hours with the Seigneur of Yethou. Who would not envy him for his island, his splendid solitude, above all for the

"TORPEDO-PLANES" AND AIR AMBULANCES: PROGRESS IN AVIATION.

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SHOWING THE GREAT SIZE OF THE TORPEDO AS COMPARED WITH THE MEN: PLACING IT IN POSITION UNDER THE FUSELAGE OF THE AEROPLANE.

HELD BY A SIMPLE RELEASE, GEAR UNDER THE FUSELAGE: A 1500-LB. DUMMY TORPEDO IN PLACE READY FOR A DEMONSTRATION FLIGHT AND DISCHARGE.



A FORMIDABLE MENACE TO THE CAPITAL SHIP: A 1500-LB. TORPEDO (IN THIS CASE, A DUMMY) IN THE AIR JUST AFTER BEING DISCHARGED FROM A BLACKBURN-NAPIER TORPEDO-PLANE FLYING AT A LOW ALTITUDE OVER THE RIVER HUMBER—A RECENT DEMONSTRATION AT BROUGH.



THE AEROPLANE AS TRANSPORT: A VICKERS-VERNON TROOP-CARRIER BEING MADE READY TO CONVEY A PARTY OF SIKHS (WAITING BESIDE THE MACHINE) IN MESOPOTAMIA.

HOW CASES WENT TO BAGHDAD: PLACING A STRETCHER IN AN AMBULANCE AEROPLANE.

A demonstration designed to show the possibilities of attacking capital ships by torpedo-planes was recently carried out by the Blackburn Aeroplane Company from their works at Brough, on the Humber. The machine used was a Blackburn-Swift fitted with a 450-h.p. Napier Lion engine. It must not be confused with the Blackburn Dart, an R.A.F. machine whose performances are confidential. A new torpedo-plane is also being built for the Air Ministry to take the 1000-h.p. Napier Cub engine. The Swift used for the demonstration at Brough carried a dummy torpedo of about the same weight (1500 lb.) as the live one for which it is designed. On reaching the water it floated on the surface. A torpedo

must be released at a height of only some 30 or 40 ft. above the water and must enter it at not much over 20 miles an hour. The torpedo-plane must therefore be specially strengthened so as to flatten out and reduce speed after diving down at 140 m.p.h. The planes are designed to work from the deck of an aircraft-carrier. The lower photographs show recent developments, under actual service conditions in Iraq, in two other war uses of aeroplanes—as troop-transporters and as ambulances. A number of dysentery cases were brought by air to Baghdad and thus saved the sufferings of six days' journey on donkeys, the country being impossible for wheeled vehicles.

"WIPED OUT" BY THE COLLEGE BARBER IN 1560: ETON WALL-PAINTINGS.

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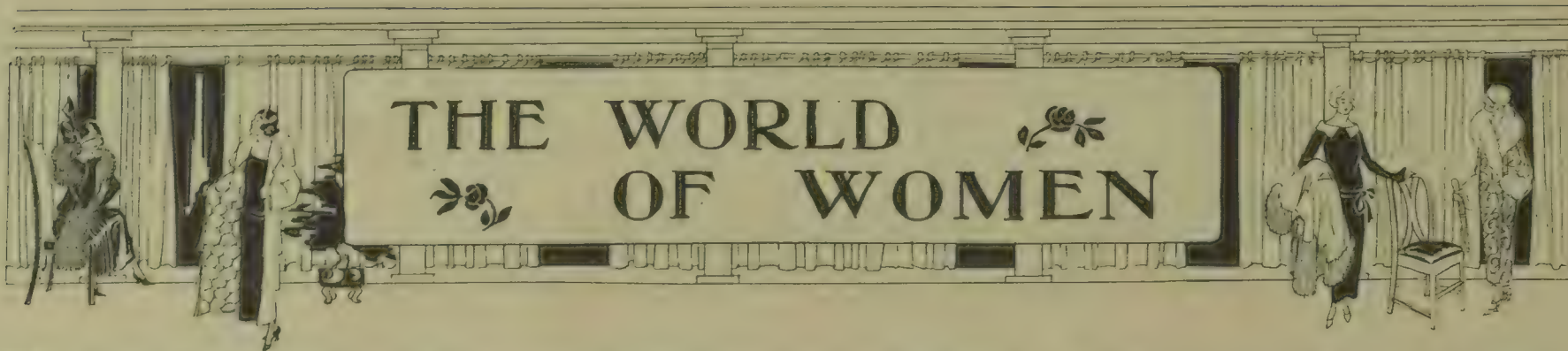
PAINTED ON THE WALLS OF ETON COLLEGE CHAPEL BETWEEN 1479 AND 1488 AND RECENTLY UNCOVERED: ONE OF THE SERIES OF MURAL PAINTINGS HIDDEN FOR CENTURIES BEHIND THE STALLS.



IN STYLE "VERY FAR SUPERIOR TO THAT OF ANY MURAL PAINTING REMAINING IN THIS COUNTRY": ANOTHER OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY ETON WALL-PAINTINGS REPRESENTING "MIRACLES OF THE VIRGIN."

The Provost and Fellows of Eton College recently arranged for the temporary removal of chapel stalls in order to reveal, at any rate for some months, the old wall-paintings known to exist behind them. The work has just been completed, and they have been found to cover three bays on each side of the Chapel. The Provost, Dr. M. R. James, writes: "The style is very far superior to that of any mural painting remaining in this country. . . . There can be no doubt of the interest and beauty of the series, nor does it seem possible to deny its English origin, since the name of one of the artists, preserved in the college accounts, is William Baker." They were painted, as records tell, between 1479 and 1488,

and represent Miracles of the Virgin, the Patroness of Eton College, with figures of Evangelists, Doctors of the Church, and Virgin Saints. The college accounts of Queen Elizabeth's time show an item of 6s. 8d. paid to the college barber in 1560 for wiping out the imagery work on the chapel walls. The "wiping out" meant whitewashing, and the paintings seem to have been forgotten for several centuries. In 1847 they were uncovered and the whitewash removed: those in the upper row were scraped away, as being "too untidy to leave," after drawings had been made of them, but the lower row (that now revealed) was protected by canvas and had since remained hidden behind the stalls.



THE QUEEN has had a delightful time doing the kind of sightseeing and the kind of shopping that appeals to her, without prearrangement and without fuss. Antique shops are a great lure to her Majesty, who spent quite a long time in one in the old part of Edinburgh. In such an establishment in the Isle of Wight soon after a visit paid to it by the Queen, I was told that our leading lady had a *flair* for the real antique, and that she at once passed by fakes and trash. The late Duchess of Connaught was a very discriminating buyer of antique furniture. The shops near the docks in Dublin were to her Royal Highness a very fruitful market, and she made there purchases which would now be regarded as sensational bargains. There is no such opportunity for buying now. Much of the beautiful old furniture belonging to old families in Ireland has been burnt or otherwise destroyed. Much also has been privately disposed of to keep the owners from want, and there would be no market for it in Dublin, even if it were forthcoming, for there is no money apart from Guinnesses.

An Irish election with no wigs on the green, no "threading" on the tails of coats, no play of shille-laghs on the "bhoys' " crowns, must have seemed a dull event to Irish folk who looked upon such things as bits of fun. Even those whose crowns got damaged considered it as the bad luck of the game, and hoped for better next time in the breaking of some other "bhoys' " head. That readiness of retort is not killed in the distressful island was proved when a wild woman threatened renewed shootings if her view of the political situation were not adopted, and a member of the audience called out, "If that's yer game, here's the first shot," and planted an egg full in the lady's face. If it was an egg for electioneering purposes, the effect must have been as unpleasant as humiliating.

News of the marriage of Prince Paul of Serbia to Princess Olga of Greece, *via* an American kindly correspondent, usually very well informed, is to the effect that it will take place in the autumn in Paris. Princess Olga, according to Princess Radziwill, is a heroine of romance, although not yet twenty-one. When she was between seventeen and eighteen a young Greek soldier without fortune fell in love with her, and she with him, and many clandestine meetings were arranged. The young Crown Prince of Denmark saw her at some watering-place, admired her immensely, and also succumbed to her charms. He was, of course, a very desirable suitor in her parents' eyes, and she became engaged to him. Her young Greek warrior, driven desperate, contrived to see her at Cannes, and to persuade her to a betrothal almost as binding as marriage in the Greek Orthodox Church. This ceremony was gone through in the Russian Church of San Juan les Pins, near Cannes. Leaving her at the church, the young man, in the presence of the incumbent who had performed the ceremony, told her that no one in the wide world could ever make her the wife of any man but him.

Meanwhile, her parents, ignorant of this happening, arranged a visit to Copenhagen to introduce her to the Danish Royal Family. The poor young Princess finally told the Danish Crown Prince all her troubles, and found in him a chivalrous friend. He

made her parents promise that she should not be blamed, and released her from her engagement to himself. The termination of the engagement was publicly attributed to the second compulsory abdication of her uncle, King Constantine, and things were left at that.

Her parents would not consent to her marriage with the young soldier, and finally the affair was legally and quietly terminated. Now she is to be married to good-looking Prince Paul of Serbia, who has been educated and brought up in England, and who is a favourite with all who know him. Neither of the young people is as rich as they should have been, because their chief fortunes would have come from their mothers—one a Russian Grand Duchess, the other a Russian Princess and a Demidoff. These large fortunes are now small ones. Princess Olga is said to be a charming girl, and probably worked off her excess of romance before she had come out of her 'teens. Everyone will wish the young couple well. Meanwhile the chivalrous young Crown Prince of Denmark remains the most eligible royal bachelor in Europe, except one whose title need not be stated.

Germany is *vorboten* to visitors. Weeks ago friends who wished to meet mutual friends in Dresden were asked, when they applied for passports, what their business was, and stated frankly that they had none. The passports were firmly but politely declined, the reason given being that Germany had no food to spare for pleasure-seekers. Now another method is being adopted to clear foreigners out of the Fatherland. They are being required to pay for everything about quadruple what the native does. Like the Chinese, the Germans have no use for outer barbarians. They don't want the harmless tourist even to fleece him. This is so unlike the German of before the war that one wonders why? It was thought that every country desired to attract tourists; and to attract them enough to render them willing to pay four times as much as natives was

something of a feat. However, even that appears to have no effect on the desire of the post-war German to keep his country to himself. There are those who cordially wish that he will extend the process, and keep himself to his country.

None of the fashionable hats of the past season achieved anything like the sensation that the head-gear of some visiting Red Indians did last week. The feathers were a foot and a half high, and stood up as stiffly as Frederick the Great's giant dragoons. The strong breeze did, however, produce a list which gave a comically giddy character in contrast with the mask-like face below. This way of applying feathers was, indeed, exploited in a mild way on some smart hats, though it was not generally approved. Our Indian visitors would have found our women quite at one with them in their appreciation of beads. They were, I am told, entranced at the displays in our great jewellers' windows, regarding the diamonds and pearls as of very inferior beauty to jade and amethyst and sapphire and ruby chains. Even these they appeared to think of less value than amber and chrysoprase, and other more highly coloured beads. One old buck announced that he had possessed a diamond as large as a barrel, but had given it in exchange for a plug of tobacco. A member of his party proclaimed him a liar, which seemed to afford him great pleasure and pride. Truly there are different points of view!

There continues to be a great journeying North, despite the fact that no one seems to have much good to say of the weather. Many people who know the North well avoid going up in August—generally a very unsettled month—and prefer September. Usually September is a good month in the Highlands; but there is a Scottish visitation called Lammas floods, and if they descend in September, it is a question of daily drenchings. Sometimes they are obliging enough to defer their visit to October, when September visitors are very grateful to them.

A. E. L.



Those well-known artists in dress, Jays of Regent Street, are responsible for these admirably tailored coats for autumn wear. Fine tweed makes the one in the centre; Cumberland frieze trimmed with beaver is used for the wrap on the left; and nigger-brown velours for the one on the right, to which they have given a beaver collar.

The John Haig Famous Hostelry Series*"The Bell," Tewkesbury*

Who Loves England

WHO loves England will find no small pleasure at "The Bell" in Tewkesbury, for it stands in a setting and is of appearance typically English, while it breathes an atmosphere of past history that irresistibly stirs the imagination.

Standing in the Vale of Evesham, whose rustic peace has oft been disturbed by the clash of Civil War, "The Bell" must in its time have sheltered victor and vanquished from near fought battle.

Casquet and sword thrown down, men-at-arms will here have refreshed and found asylum; the weary Pilgrim to the Abbey, the soldier, the traveller by coach, in turn have partaken of kindly hospitality at "The Bell." Carrying back the mind one hundred years—to the time pictured by our illustration—one can almost hear the silver horn of the arriving coach, picture the descending passenger chilled with exposure calling for something warm and cheery.

—And what more cheery than the *original* John Haig, so deservedly popular with travellers since the very day of its introduction in 1627. It is a long cry from then till now and the steadily increasing reputation of that fine old whisky becomes the more noteworthy as the years go by. The excellence of John Haig has been certified by men of taste for a period now approaching the third century.

Dye Ken
John Haig?
 THE ORIGINAL
The Clubman's Whisky
since 1627



By Appointment

Fashions and Fancies.

Equipment for the Schoolboy.

No critics of clothes are ever as scathing in their condemnations as small boys at school, and, since the unusual is always the incorrect in schoolboy eyes, every considerate mother will take the greatest care to see that her small son is provided with the regulation outfit. There need never be the slightest difficulty in ascertaining what constitutes the right equipment for any school, for the majority of good tailors have the authoritative lists of the leading public schools, and also of their preparatory schools. By far the wisest plan, in cases where the mother is not yet experienced in dealing with school equipment, is to leave the matter entirely in the hands of a capable outfitter, and, in order to see that no essential item is omitted, it is always well to have a duplicate list sent home. In spite of the indisputable fact that he subjects his clothes to the roughest possible usage, the small boy insists on perfectly tailored garments. He is, and quite rightly, as exacting as his father in this respect, and it must always be borne in mind that, if good cut and material are allied, it does not matter how plain the style may be—in fact, the simpler the better in every case.

Fashions for the Schoolgirl.

The question of preparations for the autumn term is one which the young folk, boys and girls alike, never care to discuss. Gamages, Holborn, is, however, the Mecca of the majority of children, as the name is connected in their minds with delightful mechanical

toys; outfitting will be a pleasure if the purchases are made in the excellent department devoted to the needs of children, and of the schoolgirl in particular. All the illustrations on this page were sketched in their salons. Navy-blue serge piped with scarlet braid makes the pretty little school frock at the top on the left, and 29s. 6d. is the price; while the coat,



The navy-blue serge frock on the left is piped with scarlet braid, while silk stitching ornaments the tan velours coat. Sketched at Gamages

which is trimmed with silk stitching, is of tan velours: 31s. 9d. obtains the other navy-blue serge frock below, enriched with tiny emerald-green enamel medallions.

For Tiny Folk. The very tiny folk are favoured with as much attention as their elder sisters at Gamages, and the delightful little mackintosh cape, designed to ensure Miss Five-Year-Old's comfort on rainy days, costs 11s. 3d., another practical mackintosh garment being the rubber-lined Basilic overall, available for 4s. 6d. in various designs. A particular recommendation of these aprons is that they are simplicity itself to clean: all that is necessary is to sponge them with soap and warm water.

Two Autumn Fancies.

Not new, but rapidly coming to the fore for children's wear, are those delightful Robin Hood hats. Suede is the favoured medium, but it is the long upstanding quill, perched jauntily on one side, that particularly appeals to the little wearer. Black or some other sober shade is generally chosen for the hat; while the mount should be a pheasant feather, matching a tan or brown coat. This may take the

form of the coachman's cloak, which is much in evidence among the small people. It is a decidedly practical fashion, being naturally very warm.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

It is not only the mother or nurse who appreciates the splendid properties of that well-known nursery friend, Wright's Coal Tar Soap; the small people themselves are always loud in its praise, for there is something so deliciously fresh and pure about this clean-smelling soap. Doctors, too, have for many years advised its use, since it is an excellent protection against all infectious diseases and affections of the skin. The ingredients which go to its composition are always the best that can be obtained—a fact which accounts in no small measure for its universal popularity. It is sold everywhere.

E. A. R.



This pretty little school frock of navy-blue serge, as well as the mackintosh and rubber-lined overall, hails from Gamages, Holborn



THE New Stetson Styles are splendid in design and conform in detail to the best English taste.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, U.S.A.,
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STETSON HATS
SOLD BY PRINCIPAL HATTERS EVERYWHERE

SERVICE AND CUISINE.



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Comfort and safety are the first and last considerations of the Royal Mail and Pacific Lines. To these ends nothing has been spared. Every detail has been carefully thought out and planned to ensure the happy welfare of passengers in every class. Home comforts are not forgone—rather are they intensified in every department. The sleeping accommodation, smoking, reading and social rooms, and the facilities for games, sports, exercise, dancing, &c., are the delight of all.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,
Atlantic House, Moorgate, E.C. 2, and America House, Cockspur Street, S.W. 1.

THE PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,
Gore, Water Street, Liverpool.
Also at SOUTHAMPTON, MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, GLASGOW.

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AND
PACIFIC
LINES**

Travel by
The Comfort Route

Born 1820—Still going Strong!



HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 29

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL :—Designed by the brilliant architect, Sir Christopher Wren, the present building takes the place of the old Cathedral, irreparably injured by the Great Fire of London, 1666.

Johnnie Walker

“Your plans have matured well. It is a good thing you were appointed ‘Chief Restorer of London’.”

Shade of Sir Christopher Wren:

“But surely, Johnnie Walker, that is your title to-day.”

RADIO NOTES.

TO see broadcast performances whilst listening to them is one of the great wonders of radio which may be experienced at no distant date. In fact, it is believed by many that it will be possible for events to be seen and heard by the public seated in their own homes just as easily as broadcasts are heard at the present time. Some years ago we published a drawing showing an audience "of the future," viewing on a cinema screen a naval battle actually in progress, with great trumpets conveying the sounds of gun-fire to the spectators.

Already a stage in the development of this subject has been reached whereby photographs may be transmitted without intervening wires. On June 7, 1922, Dr. Korn sent a photograph by radio waves from Italy to Maine, U.S.A. Last March, an American inventor, Mr. C. Francis Jenkins (whose high-speed cinema was illustrated in these pages some months ago) transmitted portraits of the late President Harding and of President Coolidge. These were sent from Washington and recorded faithfully at Philadelphia—a distance of 130 miles.

Dr. Lee de Forest has been working for several years on his invention to enable a cinema audience to hear speech and other sounds of performers shown on the screen. His invention is called the "Phonofilm"; but although the film is not transmitted by radio, the latter science plays an important part in recording and reproducing the original sounds. An ordinary cinematograph camera photographs performers in the usual manner, on a length of film, and sixteen pictures of the action appear on each foot of film. At one side of each little picture a narrow band of film registers photographic images of sound-waves representing the voice of the performer. In addition to its usual mechanism, the camera contains a glass bulb which gives out a strong violet-coloured light. The bulb, termed a "Photion," is filled with certain gases which become luminous when affected by an electric current of high frequency. Sound-waves caused by the spoken words of an actor or actress agitate a special kind of microphone, and cause fluctuation or modulation of an electric current. The modulated current passes through valves and other apparatus similar to a small radio transmitting set, and, after magnification, reaches the photion, which changes its brilliancy in strict time with the sound-waves. The photion functions in a dark chamber within the cinema camera, and a beam of its light passes through a tiny slit and impinges on the moving film. Examination

of the film after development shows a series of short horizontal lines one above the other, each varying in density as the result of the constantly changing



A ONE-MAN BAND UP TO DATE: BROADCASTS HEARD IN THE STREET.

During the Leipzig Fair the public walking along the streets were entertained by broadcast music which issued from apparatus carried by one man, as shown above. In front the man supports a four-valve receiver, and strapped to his back are a frame aerial and a loud-speaking trumpet.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

value of the light given off by the photion. As the sound-waves and the action are photographed simultaneously on the film, no mechanical difficulty is

experienced in reproducing the original scenes and sounds in proper relationship.

So far the process has converted sound-waves into electrical impulses, and then into light-waves, but to reproduce the record so that an audience may see and hear, the method must be reversed. Therefore, when the film is ready for an entertainment, light passing through it is obstructed, more or less, by the sound-wave images, which vary in density, as stated above. The intensity of the light after passing through the film changes as frequently as did the light from the photion when the film was being made. Whilst the light is fluctuating its rays project on to a sensitive plate sealed in a vacuum tube, and the plate throws off electrons which vary in quantity according to the strength of the light from one fraction of a moment to another. The electrons act as a kind of invisible bridge conducting a local electric current which becomes stronger or weaker as the beam of light changes. Next, the current is strengthened by amplifying valves, and then passed on to powerful loud-speaking trumpets which emit reproduction of the original voices or other sounds corresponding with the action witnessed on the screen.

The high-speed cinematograph camera with prism ring lenses invented by Mr. C. Francis Jenkins is likely to form another link in the chain of necessary components to complete the scheme for seeing and hearing by radio. So far, when a single picture is received by radio waves, the reproduction is made on photographic films or a plate which must be developed before the picture appears; but even this method may be superseded. Every camera-user who has looked at a beautiful scene projected by the lens on to the focussing screen must have wished at some time or other for a means to fix the picture complete with its colours. Possibly the time may come when a "cinema" camera will use no film at all. The camera may be just a box with a lens and a ground-glass screen, similar to the type used by artists a hundred years ago. Wherever the lens is directed, so the scene and whatever movement is taking place at the time will be flashed upon the ground glass, but will not end there. Scientists may by that time have provided the necessary appliances for dealing with the scene on the ground glass at the very instant of its appearance; and by means of radio waves transmit the event in all its accuracy, perhaps with all its colours and sounds, to various places miles away where the public may view a very large screen and see what is happening in front of the camera. Who knows?

W. H. S.

A close, clean, + quick shave

is a matter of minutes if your razor is a Kropp. It has a keen cutting edge which simply sweeps over the face removing the most intractable beard with practically no effort.



Black Handle, 10/6. Ivory Handle, 18/-
Every Razor is packed in a Case.

From all Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, &c.

Send postcard for a copy of 'Shaver's Kit' Booklet No. 51.

Wholesale only: OSBORNE GARRETT & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.1.

No Home should be without it

For over fifty years a tin, tube or bottle of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly has been indispensable to every well-organised house.

Its prompt application in cases of cuts, scrapes, burns and minor accidents often prevents serious results. Also for internal use, for the relief of coughs and sore throats.

Write for Booklet: "For Health and Beauty," FREE.

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“BLACK & WHITE”

The Reputation of any firm is dependent on its being able to maintain

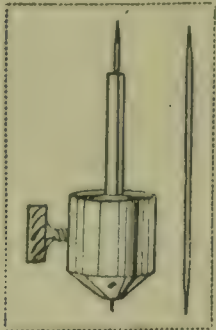
—————A FINE QUALITY—————

Quality can only be maintained by Age. To ensure Age it is necessary to hold large stocks. Messrs. James Buchanan & Co., Ltd., and their subsidiary Companies hold the largest stocks of fine old matured Whiskies. Their Policy is to bond considerably in excess of their yearly requirements. This enables them to guarantee the Age of their Brand, keep up their Fine Quality, and ensure their Great Reputation both at Home and Abroad.

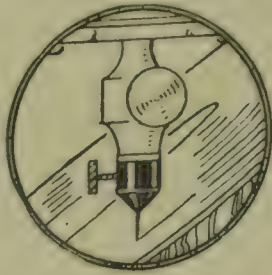
TALKING MACHINE NOTES.

A HOLIDAY REFLECTION.

AT the average boarding-house or private hotel it is a depressing experience to note the efforts of the guests trying to amuse themselves after dinner



THE DOUBLE-POINTED "SYMPATHETIC" NEEDLE: IN THE GRIP (LEFT); AND SEPARATE (RIGHT).



THE "SYMPATHETIC" GRAMOPHONE NEEDLE AND ITS GRIP: HOW IT IS FITTED TO THE SOUND-BOX.

on a wet evening. More particularly is this so at the smaller resorts, where places and opportunities for public entertainment are on a very small scale.

Imagine the drawing-room of a seaside boarding-house under such conditions. Without, the rain beats down pitilessly on the streaming umbrellas of those hardy souls who, not having already seen the "show" for the week at the end of the Pier, have ventured out of doors. Within, the majority of the guests have drifted into the drawing-room, and are seated round in polite attitudes, waiting for something to happen.

Someone walks to the piano, and there is a stir of expectancy. He plays a few chords, and walks away quickly. But the ice is broken, and another individual attacks the instrument, and endeavours to play, by ear, "Yes, We Have No Bananas." The ice thaws, and songs are attempted from (imperfect) memory, to a "vamped" accompaniment. Even dancing is not very successful, as no dance pianist happens to be present; for to play dances for dancing is a specialist's job, and recollected snippets are not of much use. So the evening wanes until bedtime, and if it has been a jolly evening, one must put it down to luck, and the chance that has brought the performers together. Yet a good gramophone and records would make an aimless

and dull evening impossible, and would provide entertainment for young and old; entertainment, moreover, of the very best in each type. The gramophone is tireless, always ready to oblige, never has a cold, and will provide ideal music for dancing. In the quiet season, after the last holiday-maker has departed, it is there for the owners' enjoyment, and it will be found that, incidentally, the visitors will have provided a goodly number of the records.

A NEW TYPE OF NEEDLE.

Hitherto we have had needles which fall into three classes: those of steel, fibre or wood, and those called semi-permanent, the last-named having an extended point of a constant diameter that will fit into the playing groove of the record, and so not require to be changed until the filament is entirely worn away.

The new-comer is known as the Edison Bell Sympathetic Chromic Needle, and it certainly seems to possess features of interest for the gramophonist who prefers to try new "gadgets" and form his own opinion.

The "Sympathetic" needle is double-pointed and very slender—so slender that it is far too fine to fit the needle-hole of the standard sound-box, and a "grip" has been devised to be used in conjunction with it to hold it in position. According to the length of the needle that is left protruding from the "grip," the volume of tone obtained is regulated, from very soft indeed to fairly loud. Hence, we presume, the title "Sympathetic."

COMPTON MACKENZIE'S NEW PAPER.

It must, I think, be accounted as one up for the gramophone that the latest, and now the only, paper in this country that deals exclusively with matters gramophonic should emanate from so unexpected a quarter. The new periodical, published monthly, is called the *Gramophone*, and the third number has now made its appearance. It is very well written—that goes without saying. It is in no sense a trade organ, but is addressed to the user of gramophones and records, and bears the impress of being the outcome

of real enthusiasm. It aims at being exhaustive in scope, and certainly goes very deeply into the subject, examining and criticising old and new records by the hundred or so. An excellent feature is a quarterly review of the most important records; and another point worth noting is a monthly supplement which contains in brief the story of some half-dozen vocal records, mostly operatic, together with the original text and a really good translation.

Very amusing is Compton Mackenzie's principal contribution, "A Musical Autobiography," written with a power of memory that would do credit to a David Copperfield or Joseph Vance. An attempt is also made, in another series of articles, to classify all the records made by various "celebrity" artists, from the points of musical value, technique, and



THE MOST POWERFUL EXPRESS PASSENGER ENGINE IN THE BRITISH ISLES: THE "CAERPHILLY CASTLE"—THE FIRST OF THE NEW "CASTLE" CLASS ON THE GREAT WESTERN.

The "Caerphilly Castle," recently built in the Great Western works at Swindon, is to be followed by nine other similar locomotives, named respectively after the castles of Caldicot, Cardiff, Carmarthen, Chepstow, Pembroke, Pendennis, Powderham, Warwick, and Windsor. The engine has several new features, including larger cylinders and boiler, and more room for the driver and fireman.

recording quality. The new monthly is well worth the sixpence charged for it, and should have a wide circle of readers. To the lover of the gramophone (a constantly increasing class) who wishes for guidance in building up a selection of good records the *Gramophone* will prove a valuable aid, as it undoubtedly follows on the right lines, and is animated by a desire to see the instrument from which it takes its name worthily represented from the literary point of view.

STYLUS.

Rowlands' Macassar Oil

is AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY for all who wish to Preserve and Beautify their HAIR



As it Penetrates to the Roots it will replace the loss of the Natural Oil in the Hair, the want of which causes Baldness. Ladies and Children should always use it, as it lays the foundation of a Luxuriant Growth. Also prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in 3/6, 7/-, 10/6, and 21/- bottles, by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and Rowlands, 112, Guilford Street, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

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VICHY THERMAL ESTABLISHMENT
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The sign of "Ye Fox and Cherries"

STANDARD
SIZE
VIRGINIA

20 for 1/-

In Packets of
10 and 20

In Boxes of
50 and 100

THAT old inn sign sets me thinking, sir. A fox has no desire to eat cherries because he hasn't learned to climb the tree.

It's a similar case when a gentleman doesn't smoke Kensitas—he hasn't learned the fragrant bouquet, and smooth, cool smoking qualities of the prime, matured golden Virginia.

A gentleman must smoke Kensitas to realise that they are—"as good as really good cigarettes can be."

Jenkyr

"Your

Kensitas
Cigarettes Sir"

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Roadside Assistance.

From time to time I read in the motoring journals complaints that the age of motoring chivalry is past, and that no longer does the stranded motorist receive offers of assistance in his trouble from his

of his knowledge of cars to proffer assistance to one who may know far more about it than the would-be helper.

The experienced motorist can usually tell at a glance whether the car he sees stopped by the roadside by some derangement is in serious trouble or not. Generally, that can be gathered from the appearance of the driver and his passengers. If they look cheery, it is pretty well certain that there is nothing much wrong, and an offer of assistance would obviously be unnecessary. If they don't, then by all means let one stop and offer to help if possible. I always try to judge in this way, and never hesitate to ask if I think I can help at all.

There is another point which the stranded motorist is apt to forget, which is that in the old days we all motored for pleasure, and could spare the time to help the lame dog. Indeed, rendering assistance to one's fellow motorist was part of the pleasure we got out of it. Nowadays, we use our cars mostly for business, and, willing as one may be to help, it is

scarcely reasonable to expect a busy person, with possibly two or three appointments to keep, to spend hours by the roadside endeavouring to rectify troubles which are none of his own. On the whole, I think it is the conditions of motoring which have altered, and not the chivalry of the motoring fraternity which has disappeared.

The Super-Charger Question.

I see that the *Autocar* has taken up the

question of whether or not the super-charger should be allowed in racing. Obviously, the use of a device which forces more combustible mixture into the

cylinders than they could inspire in the ordinary way gives a marked advantage to the car so fitted. That is to say, it gives a *prima facie* advantage at least. If the lesson of the French Grand Prix is worth anything, however, it would appear quite a debatable point. It showed that the Fiats, fitted with a super-charging device, were miles an hour faster than any of the others which were not so equipped. But the very fact of their using super-chargers led to their undoing, and it is at least possible that if they had not used them Fiats would have repeated last year's victory.

I quite agree with the *Autocar* that the real test of whether such devices should be allowed or not is whether they are likely to find a place on the touring car of the future. If a good case can be shown for this, then by all means let them be allowed. If they are an obviously impossible adjunct of the touring car, they are quite useless from the utility point



OUTSIDE THE BURFORD BRIDGE HOTEL: A 12-32-H.P. TALBOT TOURING CAR.

fellow drivers. I do not agree with the proposition at all. I admit that offers of help in time of trouble are not as universal as they were ten or fifteen years ago, but then the conditions have changed entirely. To begin with, the proportion of roadside troubles which are to be described as at all serious is nothing like as high as it was then. Seldom does anything happen that cannot be put right in a few minutes. Even the veriest motoring tyro knows—or, if he does not, his blood should be on his own head—enough to clear a choked carburettor-jet or to find and change a missing plug. Often enough, when one does slow up and ask if assistance is required, the only reply one gets is a stony glare and a curt, monosyllabic disclaimer, which is hardly encouraging to one to pursue the course of the Good Samaritan. Another point is that the present-day motorist is not always sure enough



AT THE WHEEL OF A NEW 18-50-H.P. ASTER CAR: MR. FRANK W. SHORLAND.

Mr. Shorland, of the new Shorland-Underwood Company, is also associated, as Director, with Messrs. Straker-Squire, Ltd.

of view and ought to be barred accordingly. So far as the present discussion is concerned, I think it would be going very far to say that super-charging

(Continued overleaf.)



Morris Cars

NEW PRICES.

1924 Programme.

OUR 1923 programme being completed, we have pleasure in announcing the Morris programme for 1924, the prices for which are now in force as follows:

The Morris-Cowley Two-Seater 11.9 - £198

The Morris-Cowley Occasional Four 11.9 £215

The Morris-Cowley Four-Seater 11.9 - £225

The Morris-Oxford Two-Seater 13.9 - £300

The Morris-Oxford Four-Seater 13.9 - £320

The Morris-Oxford Coupé 13.9 - £355

EQUIPMENT

ALL 1924 Morris cars are fitted with Lucas 12-volt dynamotor-starter lighting-sets, with 5 lamps; All-weather hoods; Enots pump chassis lubrication; Smith speed-indicators and 8-day clocks; oil and petrol gauges; Boyce motometers; 5 Dunlop cord tyres on 5 detachable steel wheels; spring gaiters; spare petrol-cans with running-board carriers; full tool kit, including oil-gun, jack and pump; half-gallon tin of Shell engine-oil. In addition to the foregoing, MORRIS-OXFORDS have dashboard lights, shock-absorbers to both axles; electric horns; 4-panel folding glass rear windscreens on the four-seaters, folding glass windscreens for the two-seaters' dummies; 3-panel front windscreens. The dummy seats, for two, are built into the body, and fully upholstered. The 1924 coachwork, in all models, is designed to give considerably more space than heretofore.

MORRIS MOTORS Ltd.,
COWLEY, OXFORD.

The Balance of the Bean

The even engine balance of the Bean results in the power unit developing its maximum output without thrashing or any fuss. The careful balance of the clutch and transmission is responsible for the smoothness of the drive, the ease of control, and the extra mileage from the tyres. Correct weight distribution throughout chassis and coachwork enables all components to work in harmony, resulting in high performance in all conditions and exceptional steadiness and stability on the road. The Bean is remarkable for its road-worthiness. And the price of the Bean balances with the ideas of the motorist who can appreciate the real meaning of value for money. And it is a British Car.

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The 11.9 BEAN

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Four-speed Gear Box, right-hand gate control. Side curtains to open with the doors. Spare wheel and tyre, Dunlop Cords 30 ins. x 3 1/2 ins. last from 8,000 miles. Petrol 30 m.p.g. Speeds up to 50 m.p.h. Electric lighting and starting equipment. All tools and accessories, including speedometer, mileage recorder, electric horn, dash lamp, jack and tyre pump, registration number plates. Tax £12.

Two-Seater with Dickey

£335

Four-Seater Touring Car

£345



A luxurious car for just as long as you need it



Ready to glide out of its garage at Knightsbridge and to call for you at your door is a big, comfortable Daimler. With its liveried chauffeur, this car is yours the moment you wish it. It is yours for an afternoon, an evening, a day, a week—for just as long as you need it. Settle back in those deep cushioned seats and glide away to enjoy, as you were never able to before, an afternoon of shopping and calling.

And what does it cost? Barely more than getting about in taxis.

That, in short, is the meaning of Daimler Hire. It is a service that places at your disposal the finest and most comfortable car you could desire to possess and charges you only for the time you use it.

There must be innumerable occasions on which you can enjoy the comfort and convenience of the Daimler Hire service. Think over your engagements for the next few weeks. Wouldn't a big car of your own prove a great factor in the success of at least one of them?

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Specimen Tariff:—To dinner, theatre, supper and home again in a car that will carry six for £1 15 0. Ask for full Tariff List.

(Continued.)

will not be a characteristic of the car of the future. As a matter of fact, a good deal of attention has been paid to the problem since very early days. It has always been recognised that the ordinary methods of induction do not make for the maximum efficiency, and all sorts of aids and devices have been used for the purpose of getting a bigger than normal charge into the cylinders. These have seldom or never been mechanical, as the super-charger is; but they have, nevertheless, been used. That being so, I see no reason to think that the super-charger is impossible, or even improbable, as an accessory of the touring car of the future. If that is accepted, obviously there is no question about the propriety of its use on the racing cars of to-day. There is something to be said for the idea of confining its use to special races, leaving the classics to the more conventional designs, though even this is an arguable proposition. On the whole,

to show that the undoubted advantages from a purely speed point of view are apt to entail drawbacks which at least even things up.

Car Prices.

What can be achieved by the adoption of mass-production methods is well illustrated by the announcement of the new prices of the Morris car. Here is an all-British car, with the most complete equipment of tools and accessories, which can now be bought for under £200—actually less money than it cost before the war with a far less complete outfit. And this price has not been attained by any sacrifice of quality, for the Morris is a really good and lasting car. I know, for I have been myself a Morris owner, and obtained more than a little satisfaction from it. I drove my Morris hard for many thousands of miles, and it never let me down once. Only the other day I got the A.A. to report upon the condition of a Morris which had done over 11,000 miles, and the only defect the engineer could find to record

was that the brake rods were binding slightly—a matter which was put right in five minutes and at no cost at all. I have seen many reports on second-hand cars, but never a better than this one. I think, therefore, that I am quite justified in saying that the Morris is a car of first-grade quality and that it represents probably the best car value there is to-day, irrespective of its country of origin. How it is done

is another matter, which can only be settled by a visit to the works in which it is built. Having been there many times, I know how they do it, and why

they are able to sell the car at such an astonishingly low figure.

One effect of this latest cut in prices must be that other light-car manufacturers will have to put on their considering caps and think out what is to be done about it. I suppose it foreshadows a general drop



AT RIO DE JANEIRO: A 40-50-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER LIMOUSINE. This Napier is one of a fleet of cars owned by Mr. S. E. Hime, of Brazil, who is well known over there. Since the Centenary Exhibition at Rio, where the British Commissioner used a Napier, that make has been much in demand there.

I say that the proper course is to leave it open to the individual manufacturer to use the device or not as he thinks best, especially as Fiats' experience seems



A FAMOUS HUMOURIST AND HIS CAR: CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER AT THE WHEEL OF HIS 24-60-H.P. SUNBEAM SALOON—HIS WIFE STANDING BY.

Captain and Mrs. Bruce Bairnsfather recently sailed for America.

in prices in the 11.9-h.p. class and the smaller ratings, but we shall know more about that at the Show, or a little before.

A New Firm.

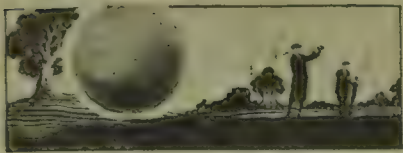
Mr. F. W. Shorland informs me that he has entered into partnership with Mr. T. Underwood, and will undertake the selling of Straker-Squire and Aster cars at 40, Haymarket, W. Mr. Shorland was one of the pioneers of motoring, and is probably best known to the present generation of motorists as managing-director of Messrs. Clement-Talbot. Older hands will remember him as probably the best of the racing cyclists of the middle 'Nineties—and they were giants in those days.

(Continued overleaf.)

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In giving him a can of “BP” you are displaying the “finest spirit of the road”—in every sense. If he used “BP” before, he will be grateful. If he didn't use it, he will be more grateful still—and he will go on using the “Best Possible.”

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Get the right kind—get a Henley "WHY NOT."

"WHY NOT" Golf Balls are not surpassed for length of flight. They keep their shape and paint. Free of all vices.

The Green Cross "WHY NOT" is slightly larger than the Red Cross "WHY NOT" and slightly harder wound.

Weight and size guaranteed within regulation requirements.

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at a price which makes it a better
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THIS is a car of which you will be proud and which your family will thoroughly enjoy.

It is handsome and roomy—comfortable to sit in. And so easy to handle. With a wide track and high ground clearance it is steady on any sort of road—at home or abroad.

It will trickle through traffic or climb steep hills without change of gear.

The first cost is modest—and inclusive. Running expenses are small.

The name and fame of its makers are a guarantee of its reliability.

Behind it, too, are the experience, resources and reputation of the world-renowned engineers, Sir W. G. Armstrong Whitworth & Co., Ltd.

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(Continued.)

A Policeman's Mistake. Here is an interesting case for motorists. A summons for a motoring offence was served upon a member of the R.A.C. For the purpose of this note we will call the gentleman Alfred Jones. As a result he was fined, and, owing to carelessness on the part of a policeman, previous convictions were proved against him. These were naturally taken into consideration by the Bench when fixing the amount of the penalty. It subsequently transpired that the convictions were not against the individual charged, but his father, whose name was Alfred Westow Jones, of the same address. The first-named wants to know what his position is. Unfortunately, unless the magistrate can be prevailed upon to reconsider his decision, the amount of the fine must stand. Failing this, the only remedy is by way of appeal, which, in itself, is a costly matter.

A Timely Hint. A Lincolnshire farmer who is a member of the R.A.C. sends a timely warning to motorists in the country districts at this time of the year. During the coming weeks, he says, harvest will be in full swing, and it would be a wise precaution on the part of drivers to proceed

slowly in the country lanes. "There are certain to be a good many inexperienced lads with wagons of corn on the roads during the next few weeks, and even an experienced man cannot lead a couple of horses, and see behind a wagon-load of corn at the same time. Motorists should give more warning of their approach."

Steyr Car Does "Hat Trick." A wonderful performance was put up by the Steyr car in the recent Swiss hill-climb at Klausen Pass, near Zurich. Although there were eighty-six competitors, the Steyr, in addition to winning the class for racing cars and making fastest time of the day, also won the sports model class, and finished up with first place in the standard car class. The Steyr is handled in this country by Mr. Arthur Bray, at 79, Davies Street, London, W.1.

Presentation Humber Car for a Bishop. It is not a very common occurrence for a Bishop to receive gratis a car valued at £985, together with a £500 cheque for running expenses, but this is what happened recently at Great Glenn Manor, near Leicester, the residence of Mr. R. W. Kaye, when, with impressive ceremony,

an imposing 15.9-h.p. Humber saloon landaulette and the cheque mentioned were presented to the Bishop of Peterborough. Mr. R. W. Kaye was the instigator of these gifts, and exactly a hundred ladies and gentlemen in the Bishop's diocese subscribed to make them possible. The Bishop and his wife recently visited Great Glenn Manor with the object of making their choice of a car, and the Humber represented their choice out of many makes sent to the Manor for inspection. The day was marred by heavy showers, but this did not prevent most of the subscribers from being there for the presentation. Mr. Kaye, on behalf of all, presented the car and cheque; whilst Mr. H. Wells, of Messrs. Hamshaw, Ltd., of Leicester (from whom the car was purchased), a representative from Humber, Ltd., and some eight or nine Pressmen and photographers were in attendance. The Bishop, with his usual happy smile, looked especially well pleased with his new possession, and insisted upon having the working of the engine fully explained to him—a duty which was undertaken by Mr. Kaye. The car could not possibly have been presented at a more appropriate time, for August 28 marked the occasion of the Bishop's silver wedding.

(Continued overleaf)

A64 Metric
Price 5/-



Motor-Car Owners Now Buying Sparking Plugs By The Set.

Formerly sparking plugs were bought as actually required, one or two at a time. Shrewd car-owners found that new plugs and old plugs in the same engine made a difference in individual cylinder power and was the cause of many engine troubles, due to faulty ignition.

Now, there is a growing tendency to buy an entire set of plugs at least once a season. That keeps the engine at a higher pitch of performance and economy all the time.

Probably no plug ever will be made that is entirely immune from deterioration in such service as a sparking plug must perform, but Champion has gone a longer distance in that direction.

Champion has discarded the old clay-porcelain insulator and in its place produced a far better, far stronger insulator.

Its insulating properties are permanent. Its resistance to heat and strain and oil-soaking is almost marvellous.

Put a set in your engine and note the difference in pick-up and power, in smoother running and economy.

Champion Sparking Plug Co., Ltd.,
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You will know the new Champions by the Double-Ribbed insulator. Buy them by the set. From any dealer anywhere. A type and size for every engine.

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Price 4/-

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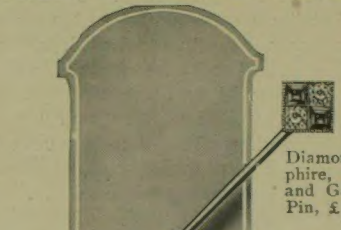
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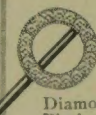
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Diamond, Sapphire, Platinum and Gold Scarf Pin, £12 0 0




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Diamond, Black Onyx and Gold-mounted Links. Per Pair £50 0 0



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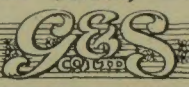


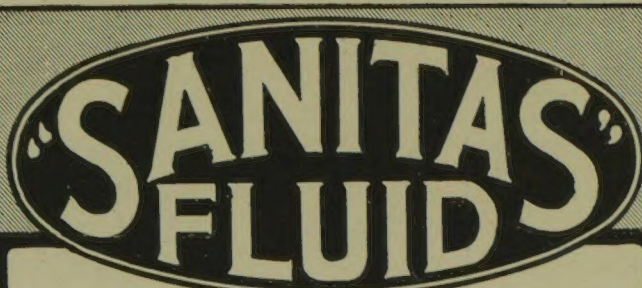
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An attractive selection of modern and distinctive Jewellery for men is on view at the Showrooms of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street (their only address). A visit of inspection is cordially invited. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION. Selections for approval.

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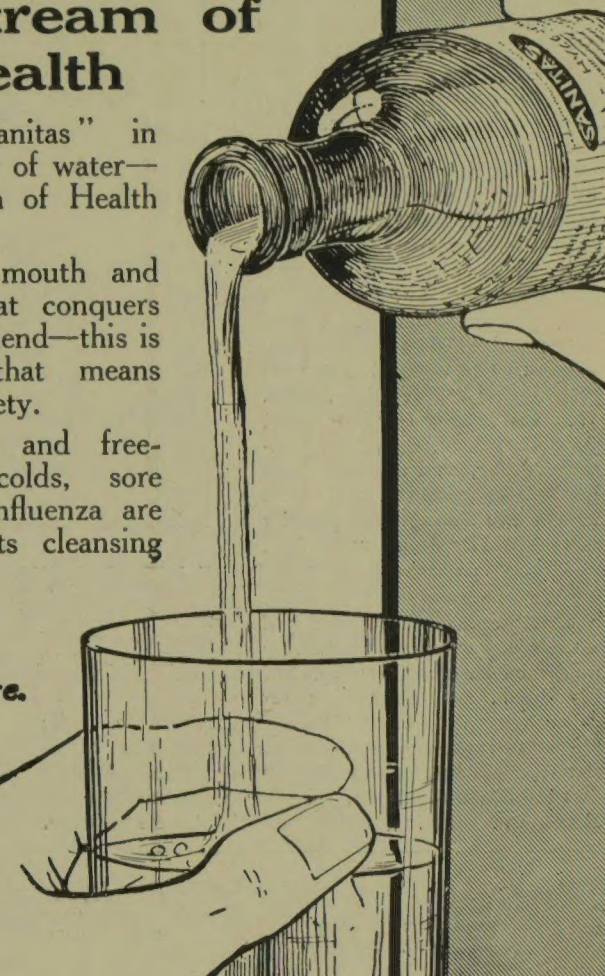
The Stream of Health

A little "Sanitas" in half a tumbler of water—what a stream of Health it is!

This is the mouth and tooth-wash that conquers the Influenza fiend—this is the gargle that means Antiseptic Safety.

Sweet breath and freedom from colds, sore throats, and influenza are the gift of its cleansing fragrance.

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SILVERLITE

The generator, well-known for its great reliability and wonderful economy, giving a soft light more brilliant than electric at a fraction of the cost.

A WONDERFUL LABOUR SAVER

A generator starting and stopping automatically, and so simple that it can be attended to by a maid.

The only machine working with motor petrol without waste, and in which all fittings are supplied with switch taps.

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Silverlite Burners are Silent.

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The high efficiency Generator with the silent burner.

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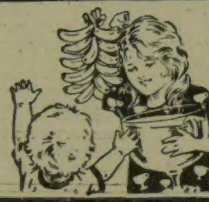
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YES! WE HAVE BANANAS!

And we are using them with Foster Clark's Cream Custard because it's the Creamiest Custard.

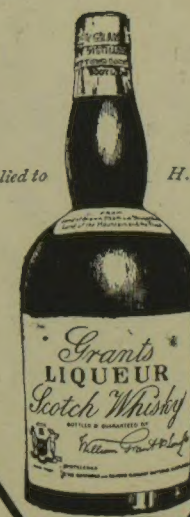
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Continued.]

Stock Cars in Competition. As evidence of the reliability and "go anywhere" capabilities of the modern economy car of low price, considerable interest attaches to the particulars we have received from Messrs. A. Harper, Sons, and Bean, Ltd., of successes achieved by Bean cars in the hands of private owners and in competitions open to the trade. A feature of post-war reliability trials has been that, no matter how strenuous the nature of the route, Bean cars have figured in all the classic events; and it is a matter of which the manufacturers might well be proud that an award of some kind—often that for the best performance of the day—has resulted in every case except one, when the illness of the only entrant caused his retirement. Properly to judge the merits of these performances, it should be realised that all cars entered in competitions by the manufacturers have absolutely standard gear ratios, etc., and thus compete on level terms with those of private owners. The Vesey Cup (for the second year in succession), the P. J. Evans Trophy (for the second year), the Bartley Cup, the Founders' Trophy, and several others less well known, but equally hard to win, are amongst the premier awards held by Bean cars.—W.W.

We much regret that, under a photograph of the Gaekwar of Baroda in our issue of Sept. 1, we published an erroneous report of his death, on information received from a source that is usually very reliable. While the news regarding the Gaekwar himself was, fortunately, incorrect, we are sorry to have to record that it was the death of his son, Jai Singh, in a train between Berlin and Flushing, which gave rise to the mistake.

"AMBUSH," AT THE GARRICK.

PLAYS that are at once moving and thought-compelling are not so frequent that we can afford to give any but the most cordial welcome to

play about a commonplace respectable slave of convention, who found himself forced to sacrifice his self-respect and strike a compromise with vice, is sure to arouse controversy, sure to meet with indignation and censure from the "unco' guid," and yet, for all its undertone of sadness and its atmosphere of drabness, can be reckoned a stimulating and, what is more, convincing piece of art. There are slight faults of hurried development and of coincidence; but they do not materially weaken the strength of the story, which deals, like "Magda," but in a thoroughly modern way, with a father at odds with a wanton daughter. Walter Nichols's daughter, however, does not disguise her wantonness under any cloak of artistic ambition and revolting feminism; she is just your ordinary votary of pleasure, fond of luxury, and ready to pay the price—a girl who might end in the sorriest degradation. What her father has to face is this problem: whether he is to watch her plunging further and further downhill, or whether, by consenting to see her under the "protection" of a single lover, rich enough to give her what she wants, he shall so guard her from a worse fate. Not only does he consent to his daughter's shame, but he accepts help for himself from his daughter's protector; and the forcefulness of the play consists in its persuading you that such a man would have been so caught in "ambush," and in its permitting you to feel pity for the poor wretch. Beautifully acted by Mr. George Elton, Miss Ariol Lee, and Miss Madeleine Marshall—an American actress, who has only to be a little more subtle to give a perfect portrait of the girl—"Ambush" is drama that no playgoer can afford to miss.



A FAMOUS SPIRITUALIST: SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE (THIRD FROM RIGHT) WITH HIS FAMILY AND AMERICAN HOST, ABOARD THE S.S. "ADRIATIC" AT NEW YORK.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, of "Sherlock Holmes" fame, and of late years noted for his advocacy of Spiritualism, is here seen about to leave New York, with his family, in the S.S. "Adriatic." From left to right are: Lady Doyle, "little Billy," Mr. Mac E. Bowman (their host, seeing them off), Sir Arthur, and his sons, Malcolm and Denis.

Photograph by Keystone View Co.

one of the sort, even though it reaches us, as does "Ambush," from abroad. The work of an American author, Mr. Arthur Richman, originally staged by the New York Theatre Guild, and now presented at the Garrick by the London Theatre Guild, Ltd., this

ITALIAN LAKES, VENICE.

- 10 Days Lugano Tour, Grand Eden - £11 0 0
All Balcony Windows Facing Lake.
Motor Tours to Milan and Round Lake Maggiore, and on Lakes Como and Lugano.
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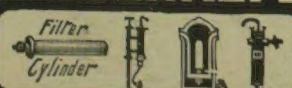
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HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

The Standard Remedy For Over 50 Years
Surest and quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthmatic Troubles. At all Chemists. 4s. 6d. a tin.



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For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

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Sold everywhere 6d. 1/2 2/6 & 4/6.

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After a bath with Cuticura Soap and warm water Cuticura Talcum dusted over the skin is soothing, cooling and refreshing. If the skin is rough or irritated, anoint with Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal.

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Children thrive rapidly in the open air. All the benefits of an outdoor life with no fear of wetting or chill can be given them if you erect a Browne & Lilly Children's Den in your Garden. Ideal for play or study. Easily erected anywhere at small expense.

Write for Catalogue No. 83, illustrating the above, also Motor Houses, Portable Buildings, etc. For Catalogue of Bungalows, ask for No. 104, also List of "Colabunga," our world-famed cottage home.

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No. ILN 89—Bleached Pure Irish Linen Double Damask Cloths and Napkins. Design, Ornamental Ivy Border and Centre. Suitable for round or oval tables.

Size 45 x 45 inches ..	each 9/3
„ 54 x 54 „ ..	„ 13/-
„ 2 x 2 yards ..	„ 24/-
„ 2 x 2 1/2 „ ..	„ 30/-

Napkins to match.

Size 22 x 22 inches ..	6 for 13/9
„ 24 x 24 „ ..	„ 15/9

No. ILN 89—Bleached Pure Irish Linen Huck Towels, with Damask Borders. Design, 'Vine or Rose Border.

Size 22 x 38 inches ..	6 for 27/-
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No. ILN 89—Hemstitched and embroidered Linen Tea Serviettes.

Per dozen ..	16/6
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No. ILN 89—Bleached Pure Irish Hemstitched Linen Huck Guest Towels, Damask Borders. Superior quality. Design, Ivy or Shamrock.

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No. ILN 89 — Bleached all-linen hemstitched huck towels.

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Width 24 inches ..	per yard 1/3 1/2
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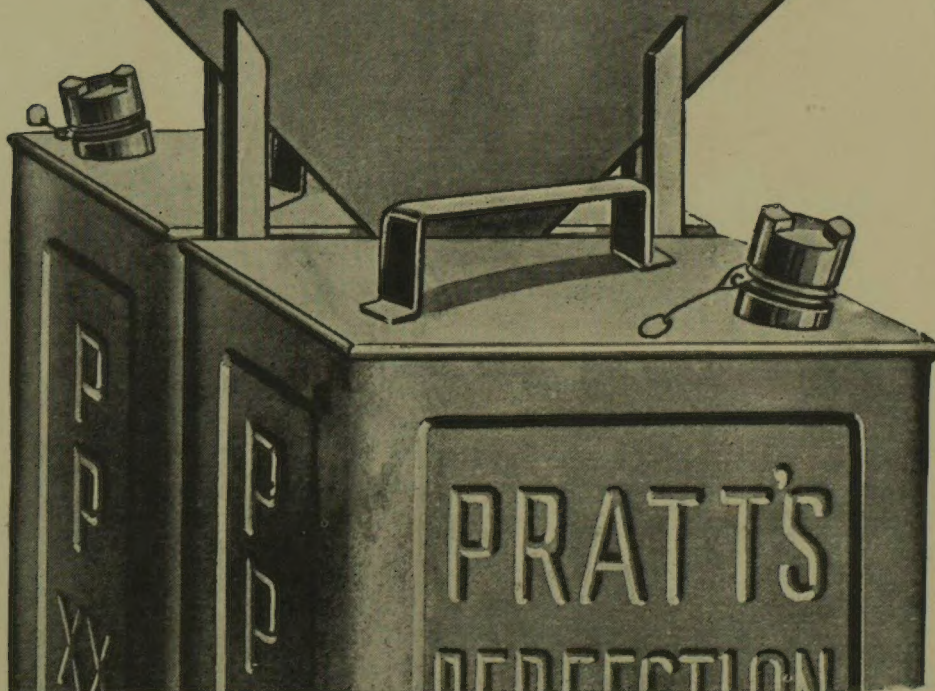
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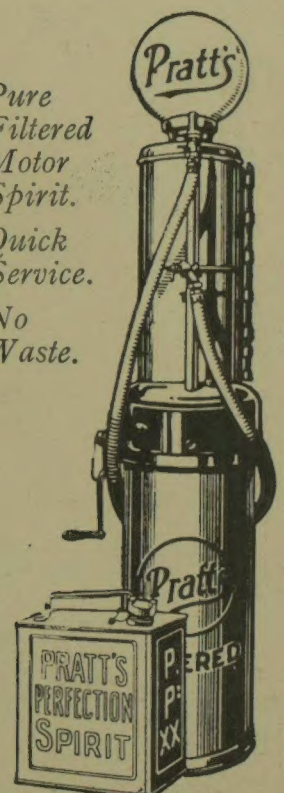
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TSANG-IHANG FACE POWDER

is of the finest texture; adherent and unobtrusive, it ensures a perfect complexion.

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(vanishing) produces a soft, velvety surface, and is beneficial to the most delicate skin.

Perfume, 2/9, 4/9, 9/6; Face Powder, 9½d., 1/2; Soap, 10½d., 1/6; Toilet Cream, 1/-; Dental Cream, 1/3; Cachous, 6d., etc.

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